

HEARTS and SWORDS

RAFAEL SABATINI'S
GREATEST ROMANCE

SEPT. 2,
1933

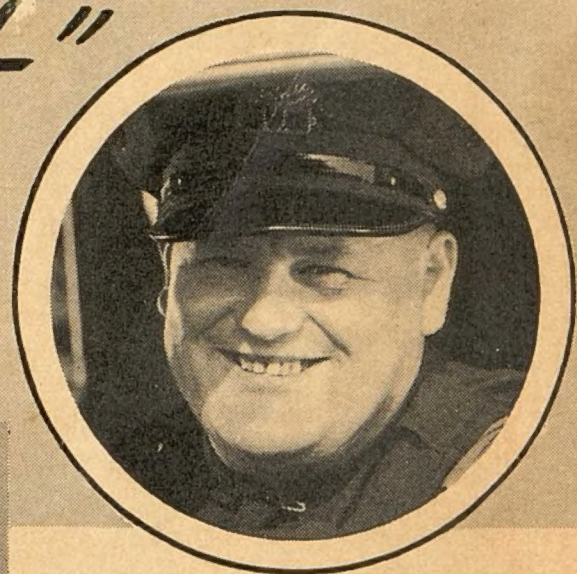
Liberty 5¢

Why the
ECONOMIC
CONFERENCE
ADJOURNED
by Jay Franklin



"I'M 'SPOILED' NOW FOR ANY CAR BUT *Plymouth*"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH OFFICER HARVEY HAYES, STATE
HIGHWAY POLICE STATION No. 2, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE



"One of the boys clocked me. She's good for 60 in second—85 in high!"



"Most cars 'eat' oil at that speed—but my gauge always reads 'full'."

*"I couldn't Stand My
Old car after Driving a
Plymouth on Duty"*

THEY'VE had three Plymouths at Station No. 2. Harvey Hayes drives one—when he isn't on a motorcycle.

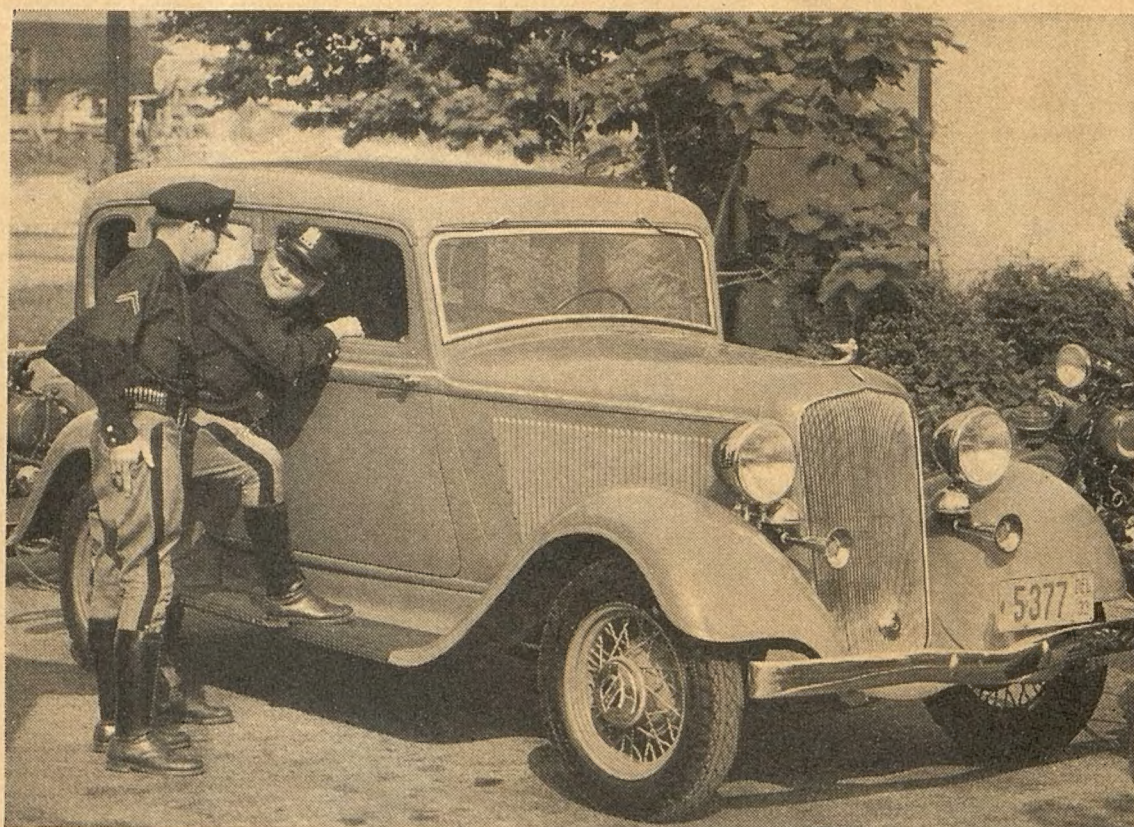
And "pushing his own crate home" (to use his words) didn't give him any thrill after riding behind Floating Power from noon till midnight.

Now he has his own Plymouth. So have five others out of the eleven men at his station.

As Hayes says, they're "spoiled" for anything else—after learning first hand how Plymouth flashes away on pick-up, slips in and out of traffic, and brakes to smooth, quick, even stops in the tight spots.

Unless you're a state policeman, you may never get to put Plymouth's accelerator "down to the floorboards." But you *can* sample Floating Power engine mountings—hydraulic brakes—rigid-X double-drop frame. Just "look at all three" low-priced cars . . . and ride in Plymouth.

There's a liberal education in car values in that way of buying. Start looking now—by seeing Plymouth.



"How do the boys like it? Say, there are eleven of us here . . . and six of us have Plymouths of our own! And we get plenty of chance to judge cars on *this* job!"

SEE PLYMOUTH AT CHRYSLER MOTORS BUILDING, CHICAGO CENTURY OF PROGRESS

Standard: 2-door sedan, \$465; 4-door sedan \$510; rumble seat coupe \$485; business coupe \$445. De Luxe: 2-door sedan \$525; 4-door sedan \$575; conv. coupe \$595; rumble seat coupe \$545; business coupe \$495. Subject to change without notice.

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

WITH PATENTED FLOATING POWER

\$445

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

PROHIBITION'S SWAN SONG

THE "drys" will soon be out of politics and then we will all breathe a sigh of relief.

One-track minds are out of place as governmental executives; they cannot see out of the rut in which they usually travel.

As an educational influence their activities were doubtless worth while, and such efforts previous to the enforcement of the Volstead Act were accomplishing remarkable results.

One state after another went dry. Throughout the business world liquor drinking was condemned. Drinking men were barred from important positions.

But the prohibition law made liquor hard to get, so everybody wanted it.

High-school boys and even girls were considered especially clever if they could produce a hip-pocket flask. Parties soon lost their lure without liquor of some kind. And the educational propaganda which had so effectively promoted prohibition was very largely forgotten.

All the efforts of the nondrinking advocates were devoted to law enforcement, and the devitalizing results of alcoholic liquors were no longer stressed in an effective manner.

The bootleggers amassed huge fortunes. Gradually liquor became more easy to procure. And the law was largely ignored in nearly all our cities.

Now if the "drys" will get out of politics and go back to the methods to which they adhered previous to the Volstead experiment they will be everywhere applauded.

There is only one way to beat the liquor traffic—and that is education. It cannot stand the brilliant light of truthful analysis. Its harmful influence is known to practically every intelligent individual,

but constant reminders are necessary if its use is to be checked to any extent.

The compulsory propaganda against drinking has set back the temperance ideals a generation or more, and those who would stop drinking by law would also try to control one's opinions by similar measures.

Breweries everywhere are now doing a colossal business. It will probably increase for some time to come. And then when prohibition has received its deathblow hard liquor will come into vogue and the swinging doors of saloons will again disgrace our highways and byways.

But as bad as the saloon is or has been, it is as nothing compared to the lawlessness and criminality that has been so closely associated with our speakeasies.

We have in prohibition another example of the effects of foolish governmental restrictions.

Some day we may get back to the fundamental

principles that governed our country in its early period.

Now we have unending complications. Thousands of new laws are added to our legal record every year. Every state has what Chief Justice Hughes once referred to as a "law factory."

Still some judges maintain that ignorance of the law is no excuse. But such a supposition is ludicrous. Even judicial experts often have little or no knowledge of some of the legal complications within their own state.

But if we can only return to the simple procedure we adhered to in pioneer times, such a change would indeed be joyfully acclaimed by the entire nation.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.



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"The REPUBLIC Has No Need of CHEMISTS"

DENOUNCED by Marat, condemned to the guillotine, Lavoisier, Father of Chemistry, heard those words pronounced as his sentence.

Such are the risks run by the pioneer in every field.

The Republic has no need of horseless carriages, of flying machines, of letters over wires.

The Republic has no need of electric irons, vacuum sweepers, mechanical refrigerators.

Loud are the rumblings that the Republic has no need of air conditioning, fabricated houses, smoke control, noise control or birth control!

Every era has its reactionary masses; every nation its Liberal classes; Tradition dies hard; but the hands of Liberalism have always held the power to strike the fatal blow.

Editorially paced to the Liberal minds in every city, Liberty Magazine has provided a vehicle through which authors, politicians, economists and manufacturers may multiply the force of their creative enthusiasm by the millions of receptive leaders of thought from Maine to California.

Entering a publishing field dominated by Tradition, Liberty's alert, dramatic treatment of issues, manners and entertainment has built up one of America's greatest magazine circulations within a few years.

Modern mathematical measurement, applied by three of the country's leading research engineers, indicates that Liberty's Liberal readers *do* read its Liberal editorial contents with an eagerness characteristic of the Liberal mind from the time of Plato.

THE average advertising page in Liberty, for example, has been found to reach a quarter million more persons' *attention* than even in the case of other magazines which circulate more copies.

Just as these Liberal readers have been quick to respond to the Liberal idea in a magazine, so are they alert to the Liberal appeal of new products and services advertised in its pages.

If *your* commercial policy entails refusal merely to follow Tradition; if *your* life is devoted to the

manufacture of means of bringing new efficiency and new happiness into the lives of others, your logical *first audience* must consist of those who can NEVER say that "The Republic Has No Need Of Chemists."

Just as the family is the unit of Government, so is the family of "minds with a common purpose" the first step toward universal brotherhood of sales loyalty. Through the Liberal market in Liberty Magazine, you, too, may outwit the Marats and guillotines of Tradition and reap the sooner the eventual rewards that will be yours.

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U. S. SENATOR FROM WASHINGTON

Chairman, Committee on Interstate Commerce

SENATOR DILL WRITES TO LIBERTY:

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DR. ALLDREDGE WRITES TO LIBERTY:

"I HOPE you will continue and magnify the policy of giving at least one outstanding article each week from some progressive thinker."



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RAFAEL SABATINI'S GREATEST ROMANCE

Hearts and Swords

(Reading time: 36 minutes 5 seconds.)

CHAPTER I—THE WHITE CROSS INN

THE traveller in the grey riding coat, who called himself Mr. Melville, was contemplating the malice of which the gods are capable. They had conducted him unscathed through a hundred perils merely, it seemed, so that they might, in their irony, confront him with destruction in the very hour in which at last he accounted himself secure.

It was this false sense of security, the reasonable conviction that having reached Turin the frontiers of danger were behind him, which had urged him to take his ease.

And so, in the dusk of a May evening, he had got down from his travelling chaise—and walked into the trap which it afterward seemed to him that the gods had wantonly baited.

In the dimly lighted passage the landlord bustled to inquire his needs. The inn's best room, its best supper and the best wine that it could yield. He issued his commands in fairly fluent Italian.

In stature he was above the middle height and neatly built. His face, dimly seen by the landlord under the shadow of the grey sugar-loaf hat and between the wings of black hair that hung to the collar on either side of it, was square and lean, with a straight nose and a jutting chin. His age cannot have been more than thirty.

Accommodated in the best room above-stairs, he sat in the candlelight contentedly awaiting supper, when the catastrophe occurred. It was heralded by a voice on the stairs—a man's voice, loud and vehement and delivering itself harshly in French. The door of Mr. Melville's room had been left ajar and the words carried clearly to him where he sat. It was not only what was said that brought a frown to his brow, although there was sufficient cause for annoyance in that. It was the actual voice. It was a voice that set memories dimly astir in him.

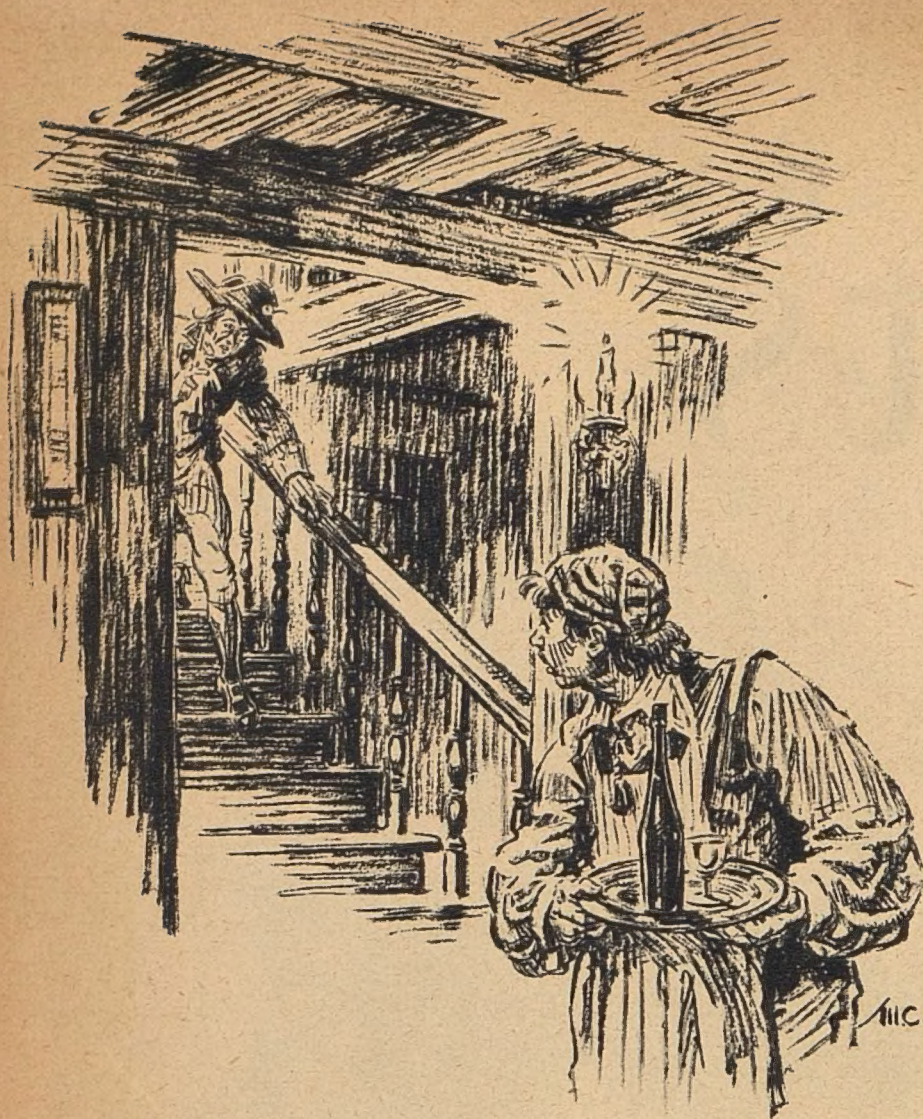
"You are a postmaster and you have no horses! Name of God! It is only in Italy that such things are permitted to happen. But we shall change all that for you before all is over. Anyway, I must take what I find. I am in haste. The fate of nations hangs upon my speed!"

Brisk steps completed the ascent of the stairs and crossed the short landing. The door of Mr. Melville's room was pushed open, and that voice which was still



The landlord's mistake became less unaccountable. He wore Lebel's hat!

By the Man Who Thrilled the World with "Scaramouche" and "Captain Blood"—A Stirring Novel of Bold Deeds and Lovely Women in the Glamorous Venice of Yesterday



puzzling Mr. Melville was speaking before its owner could be said to have crossed the threshold:

"Sir, let my necessity excuse the intrusion. I travel on business of the utmost urgency." And again that pompous phrase: "The fate of nations hangs upon my speed. This posthouse has no horses until morning. But your horses are still fit to travel, and you are here for the night. Therefore—"

And there abruptly he broke off.

Not only was the Frenchman's utterance checked: the last vestige of colour was driven from his face; his dark eyes dilated in a stare that was almost of terror.

HE stood so for perhaps a dozen of his accelerated heartbeats—a man of about Mr. Melville's own height and build, with the same black hair about his sallow shaven face. Like Mr. Melville he wore a long grey riding coat, a garment common enough with travellers; but the Frenchman's was cinctured by a tricolour sash, whilst the conspicuous feature of his apparel was the wide black hat that covered him. It was cocked in front à la Henri IV, and flaunted a tricolour panache and a tricolour cockade. Under this his countenance showed coarsely featured and very heavy in the lips, which had now fallen loosely apart.

Gradually the intruder recovered from the shock of the meeting.

"An odd chance, Lebel," Mr. Melville said, his tone sardonic. "A very odd chance indeed."

The Citizen-Representative Lebel blinked and gasped. "So it is really you, M. le Vicomte!" His lips tightened. "And in the flesh. Faith, this is very interesting." He set his dispatch case on a marble-topped console beside Mr. Melville's conical grey hat. "Very interesting!" he repeated. "It is not every day that we meet a man who has been guillotined. For you were guillotined—were you not?—at Tours, in 'ninety-three."

"It is officially so recorded, I believe."

"Oh, I am aware of that."

"Naturally. Having been at such pains to have me hunted down, arrested, and sentenced, you would not be

likely to neglect to make sure that the sentence had been executed. Only that, Lebel, could give you security of tenure in the lands of which you robbed me."

Whatever he may have felt, Lebel displayed no emotion.

"It seems that I did not make sure enough. The matter calls for inquiry. You would be saving me trouble if you were to tell me how it happens that you are now a *ci-devant* in two senses."

"You conceive that I am concerned to save you trouble, Lebel." Mr. Melville was ironical. "What, after all, is there in the situation to astonish you? You who have corrupted and bribed so freely, and who have so freely been bribed and corrupted, should find no mystery in my survival."

ARMS akimbo, Lebel scowled upon him. "But I may find a mystery that a man in your condition should dare to take that tone with me."

"No mystery, Lebel. We are no longer in France. The warrant of the French Republic doesn't run in the dominions of the King of Sardinia."

"Does it not?" Lebel chuckled maliciously. "Is that your fool's paradise? My dear *ci-devant*, the arm of the French Republic reaches farther than you suppose. You shall see how a French warrant runs here. You'll realize it when you are on your way back to Tours so that the little omission of three years ago may be repaired."

And it was then that Mr. Melville perceived of what cruel ironies the gods are capable. This scoundrelly Lebel, who once had been his father's steward, was perhaps the only member of the government personally acquainted with him, and certainly the only one whose interests would be served by his death—a death which until a few moments ago the fellow believed that he had safely encompassed three years ago. And of all the millions of Frenchmen in the world it must be just this Lebel who was chosen by Fate to walk in upon him at the White Cross Inn.

For a moment a wave of anguish swept over him. It was not only that his own personal ruin confronted him, but the ruin at the same time of the momentous mission to Venice with which Mr. Pitt had intrusted him, a mission which concerned perhaps the fortunes of civilization itself, imperilled by Jacobin activities beyond the frontiers of France.

"A moment, Lebel!"

His cry checked the Frenchman's departure. His right hand slid into the pocket of his riding coat.

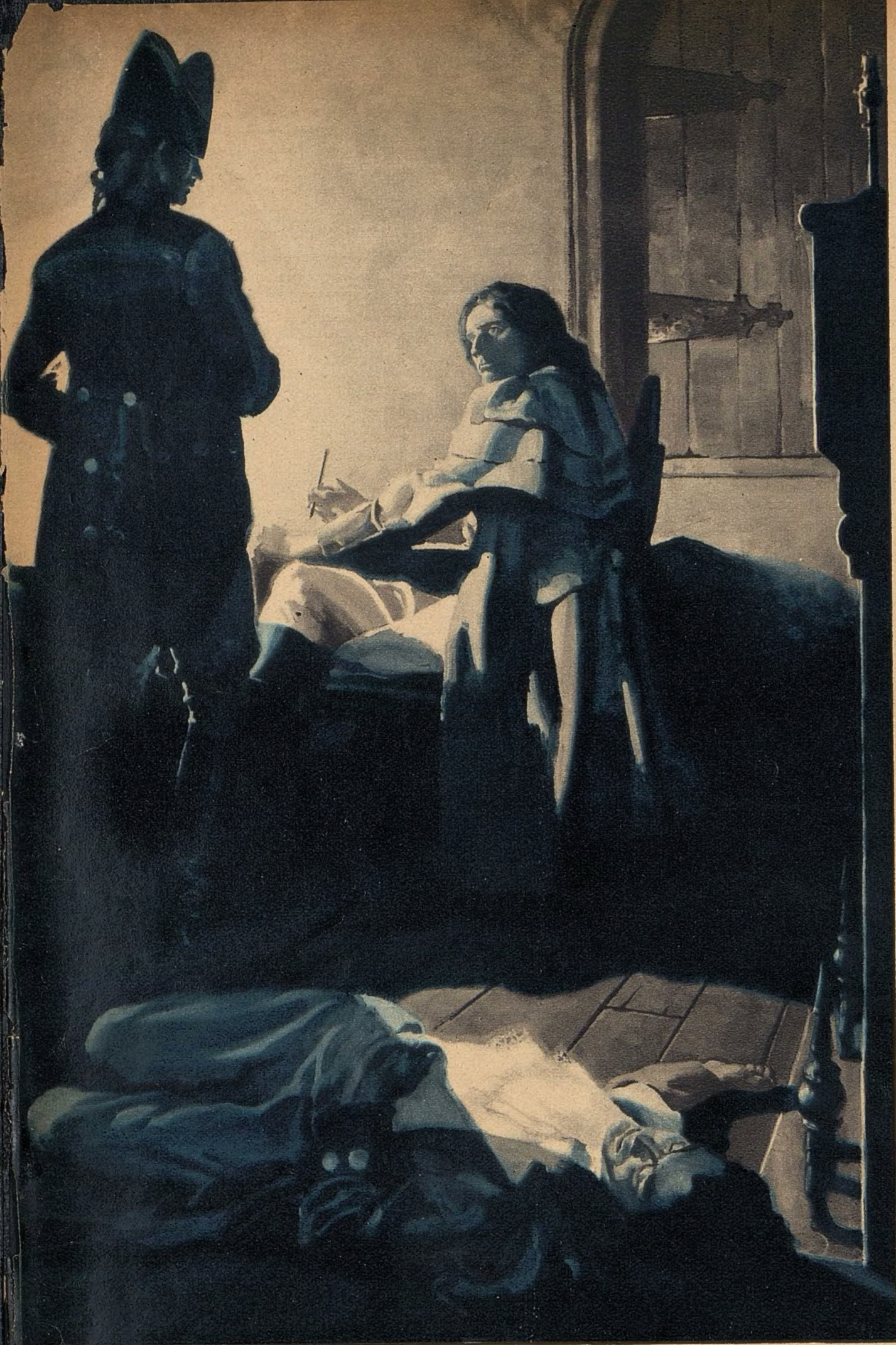
"What now?" he growled. "There is no more to be said."

"There is a great deal more to be said." Mr. Melville sidestepped swiftly, putting himself between Lebel and the door. "You do not leave this room, Lebel."

Lebel's hand emerged from his pocket grasping the butt of a pistol. Mr. Melville saw the pistol butt. He was without weapons other than his bare hands. But there was more of the Englishman in him than the name. Before the muzzle of the slowly drawn pistol had cleared the lip of Lebel's pocket, a bunch of knuckles crashed into the point of his jaw. He reeled backward across the room, then toppled over and went down at full length to an accompaniment of clattering fire irons which his fall disturbed. He lay quite still.

Mr. Melville contemplated him for a moment in listening silence. Then he stepped forward swiftly and delicately, stooped, and picked up the pistol which the Citizen-Representative Lebel had dropped. He touched the fallen man with his toe contemptuously. Even as he did so something in the limp inertness of the body made him look more closely. The eyes, he perceived, were half open. Stooping he saw a spreading flow of blood upon the floor. And then the spike of an overturned andiron caught his eye, and he saw that this spike was tipped with crimson.

Lebel's head had struck the andiron in his fall, and his skull had been pierced. So much was plain at a glance; and so, too, must the consequences have been. With a catch in his breath, Mr. Melville went down on one knee



would pursue his journey that very night, at once, and demand his chaise. But whilst the horses were being harnessed and the postillion was making ready, it was unthinkable that no one should enter his room, that there should be no inquiry for the French representative who had gone to interview him. His very action in calling for his chaise must excite suspicion and inquiry. Yet he must take this monstrous chance. There was no alternative.

ON that decision he acted swiftly, even precipitately. He stepped briskly to the door and pulled it open. He clattered down the stairs, calling for the landlord in a voice the harshness of which almost surprised him, and because of the confusion in his mind French was the language he used.

As he reached the foot of the stairs, the landlord emerged from a door on the left.

"Here, Citizen-Representative." He advanced a step or two, and bowed with great deference. "I hope the English gentleman has been persuaded to yield you his horses."

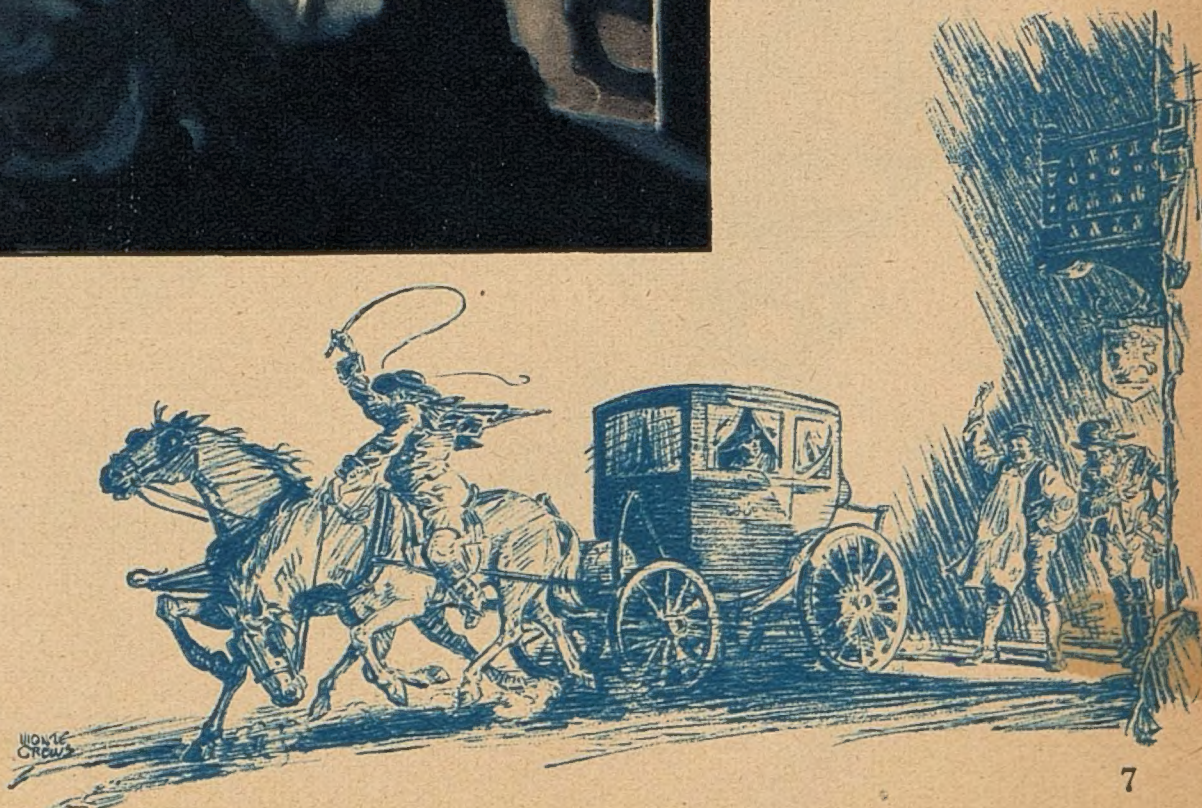
The landlord was staring at him. Instinctively, not knowing yet what capital might be made of this unaccountable mistake, Mr. Melville averted his countenance a little. In doing so he found himself looking into a mirror on the wall, and the

"You make yourself awaited," was the harsh greeting. The officer bridled. "I am not at everybody's beck and call," he said.

beside the body, thrust his hand inside the breast of the coat and felt for the heart. The man was dead.

Mr. Melville came upright again, shuddering. At any moment the landlord or another might walk into that room and find him with the body—and the body that of a man in high authority among the French. There were no explanations that would serve him.

Only the hope of instant flight remained, and a forlorn hope it was. He could go below, announce that he had changed his mind, that he



landlord's mistake became less unaccountable. He was wearing Lebel's wide-brimmed hat cocked à la Henri IV, with its tricolour panache and tricolour cockade!

CHAPTER II—DEAD MAN'S SHOES

AT a glance he perceived all that had contributed to the mistake in his identity. His height and build were much the same as Lebel's. Each wore a grey riding coat, and the landlord evidently failed to notice the absence of the sash which had distinguished the representative. Both had arrived at nightfall, and the landlord, obviously myopic, had seen them only briefly in the dimly lighted passage. The most distinguishing feature between them, so viewed, was the panached hat of the representative; and this Mr. Melville was now wearing.

All this was perceived in a flash. From that perception Mr. Melville passed instantly to consideration of how he could best consolidate the landlord's error and turn it to account so as to make good his escape.

He must have time for reflection. To this end he spoke promptly:

"The Englishman was most accommodating. Order the horses to be harnessed. But first this English traveller and I have business together. A very fortunate meeting. We are not on any account to be disturbed." He turned on the stairs as he spoke. "You understand?"

Back in the room above-stairs, with the door now locked, Mr. Melville took his square jutting chin in his hand, and those cold, thoughtful, wide-set eyes of his considered the body at his feet without emotion. What was to do he by now perceived. Precisely how to do it might be suggested by the papers in the representative's dispatch case.

HE made a beginning by removing from Lebel's waist the sash of office and transferring it to his own. He took off the big cocked hat, and pulled his long black hair a little more about his face, so as to deepen the shadows in it. Beyond this he attempted no change in his appearance.

He found some money, a bundle of freshly printed assignats and a small handful of Sardinian silver, a pocketknife, a handkerchief, and some other trivial odds and ends, a bunch of four keys on a little silken cord, and a passport on a sheet of linen-backed paper.

He next emptied his own pockets and from their contents made a selection of passport, notebook, some soiled assignats and other loose money. These objects he bestowed suitably in the pockets of Lebel.

To his own pockets he transferred all that he had taken from Lebel's, with the exception of the little bunch of keys, which he placed on the table, and the linen-backed

*Before the muzzle of the slowly drawn pistol
had cleared Lebel's pocket, a bunch of
knuckles crashed into the point of his jaw.*



passport, which he now unfolded. His eyes kindled at the terms of it.

It bore the signature of Barras and was countersigned by Carnot. It announced that the Citizen Camille Lebel, a member of the Council of the Cinque-cents, travelled as the fully accredited representative of the Directory of



the French Republic, One and Indivisible, on a mission of state. It commanded all subjects of the French Republic to render him assistance when called upon to do so; it warned any who hindered him that he did so at the peril of his life; and it desired all officers of whatsoever rank or degree, civil or military, to place at his disposal all the resources within their control.

It was not merely a passport—it was a mandate, and probably as formidable as any that had ever been issued by the Republic. It showed Mr. Melville the heights to which the dead rogue had climbed.

A description of the bearer was appended which, in all details save only that of the colour of the eyes, fitted Mr. Melville. But the eyes offered an awkward obstacle, given a close scrutiny, and he did not see how the word

noirs was to be changed into *gris* without leaving obvious and dangerous signs of tampering penmanship.

Inspiration came. Writing materials were on the table. He sat down and made experiments. The ink was stale and deep in colour, a shade deeper than that on the document. He thinned it with water from the carafe that stood by, adding drop by drop until he was satisfied. Then he chose a quill, tested it, cut it, tested it again, and rehearsed with it on a separate sheet of paper what was to do. Finally satisfied, he addressed himself with confidence to the passport. He let it dry, and then examined it. A magnifying glass might reveal what had been done,

but no one was likely to scrutinize it other than with the naked eye, and to the naked eye *noirs* had been impeccably transformed into *pâles*—a neat compromise, thought Mr. Melville.

He went now to work more swiftly. He took up the keys and unlocked Lebel's dispatch case. There was no time for a close scrutiny of its contents. A general impression was all that at the moment he required, and the general impression which his rapid survey formed was that Lebel was the creature of Barras, dispatched by Barras to exercise surveillance over Bonaparte—that other creature of Barras—to check the young general's inclination to go beyond the authority of his position, and to remind him constantly that there was a government in Paris from which he must take his orders and to which he would ultimately be answerable.

He put back the papers and locked the case. His eyes moved slowly round the room in a last survey.

SATISFIED, he drew a sheet of paper toward him, took up a pen, dipped it, and wrote swiftly:

CITIZEN:

I require you to wait upon me here at the White Cross Inn without an instant's delay on a matter of national importance.

He signed it shortly with the name Lebel, added below the words, *Représentant en Mission*, and scrawled the superscription: "To the Commandant de Place of the French garrison in Turin."

Out on the landing, in a voice of assumed harshness and peremptoriness, he bawled for the landlord, and curtly ordered him to have the note conveyed at once.

It was a full half hour before voices, a heavy tread on the stairs, and the clatter of a sabre against the balusters announced the advent of the commandant.

The officer, his natural arrogance and self-sufficiency inflamed by the curt terms of the note he had received, flung the door wide and stepped in. He checked at what he beheld.

At full length, supine upon the floor, with his head on the hearth, lay a man with all the appearance of death upon him, whilst, pencil in hand, at the table sat another as unconcernedly busy with some documents as if corpses were his daily companions.

"You make yourself awaited," was this gentleman's harsh greeting.

The officer bridled. "I am not quite at everybody's beck and call. Not even at a citizen-representative's."

"Ah! An interesting admission." Mr. Melville poised his pencil. "Your name, if you please?"

The question cracked so sharply that the commandant answered it almost unaware:

"Colonel Lescure, Commandant de Place in Turin."

"Entirely at my orders, I hope," prompted Mr. Melville.

"At your orders? See here. Supposing you begin by telling me what this means? Is that man dead?"

"I have every reason to believe so. As to what it means, it means that there has been an accident."

"Oh! An accident! That's simple, isn't it? Just an accident." He was full of obvious malice. Behind him the landlord showed a round white face of fear. "It seems to me that this is a police affair; that a man has

been murdered. Supposing you tell me the truth about the matter."

"That is the purpose for which I sent for you. I met this man here tonight by chance. I liked neither his looks nor his manner. For one thing, he was English; and an Englishman in Turin, or anywhere in Italy at such a time, is a natural object of suspicion to any but a fool. As likely as not he will be an agent of that viper Pitt. I announced the intention of sending for you, that he might render a proper account of himself before you. At that he drew a pistol on me. It is there on the floor. I closed with him. Struck him. He fell, and by the mercy of Providence broke his head on that fire iron, on which, if you look, you will find blood. That is all that I can tell you. And now you know precisely what occurred."

"Do I? Oh, do I?" The commandant was laboriously ironical. "And who is to confirm this pretty tale?"

"No one. But there is some evidence: the blood on the fire iron; the nature of the wound; the position in which he is lying. He will have papers that speak to his identity as an Englishman named Marcus Melville. I know that he has, because he showed them to me under my insistence. You had better have a look at them. And at the same time it may save words if you have a look at mine."

Moved perhaps a little by his cold, formal, almost contemptuous manner, the colonel took the passport and read those formidable terms which might be said to place the entire resources of the state at the bearer's service. His eyes grew round. His face lost all its assurance and some colour. He stammered.

"Bu—but, citizen-representative, why—why did you not tell me sooner?"

"You did not ask, and I care nothing about your apologies." Mr. Melville recovered the passport from the soldier's nerveless fingers. "You have wasted enough of my time already. I have not forgotten that I was kept waiting half an hour for your arrival."

He stood up and began to replace his documents in the dispatch case. His cold, hard, inflexible voice went on:

"You are now in possession of the facts of what happened here. The urgency of my business does not permit me to be detained for the convenience of the local authorities and their inquiries into this man's death. I am already overdue at General Headquarters in Milan. Therefore I leave this matter in your hands."

Ever stern and uncompromising, he locked the dispatch case and turned to the awed landlord. "Is the chaise ready?"

"It has been waiting this half hour, sir."

But on the threshold the commandant stayed him:

"Citizen-representative! You—you will not be too harsh with an honest soldier who was seeking to do his duty in the dark. If, now, Général Bonaparte—"

Eyes light and hard as agates flashed upon him sternly. Then a chill, tolerant smile broke faintly on the features of the citizen-representative.

"So that I hear no more of this affair, you shall hear no more of it," he said, and with a nod went out.

CHAPTER III—THE DISPATCH CASE

THE real name of this escaping gentleman who rolled out of Turin that night in a jolting chaise was Marc-Antoine Villiers de Melleville.

In manner and air he was as French as his real name when he spoke French, but as English as that name's present Anglicized form when he spoke English. And he was not merely bilingual. He was binational, lord of considerable estates both in England and in France.

When the trouble grew menacing in France, Gaston de Melleville's definite departure for England can hardly be regarded in the light of an emigration.

He placed his affairs in the hands of his steward, Camille Lebel, a young lawyer educated at the vicomte's own charges, and confidently left him to steer the fortunes of the estates of Saulx through the dangerous political waters of the time.

Upon his father's death, unintimidated by the condition of France, Marc-Antoine crossed the Channel to go and set affairs in order at Saulx.

His estates, like those of all emigrated noblemen, had been confiscated by the state and had been sold for the benefit of the nation. They had, however, been purchased for a bagatelle by Camille Lebel; therefore all would be well. The very money which Lebel had used for the purchase was Melleville money which had come into his hands as the intendant of the estate. No doubt crossed Marc-Antoine's mind even when he found Lebel of such republican consequence in Touraine that he was actually president of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Tours. He assumed that this was a mask donned by that loyal steward the better to serve the interests of the house he served. Disillusion came when, denounced and arrested, it was actually before Lebel that he was brought for trial, and Lebel, refusing even to hear the advocate engaged to defend him, coldly sentenced Marc-Antoine to death.

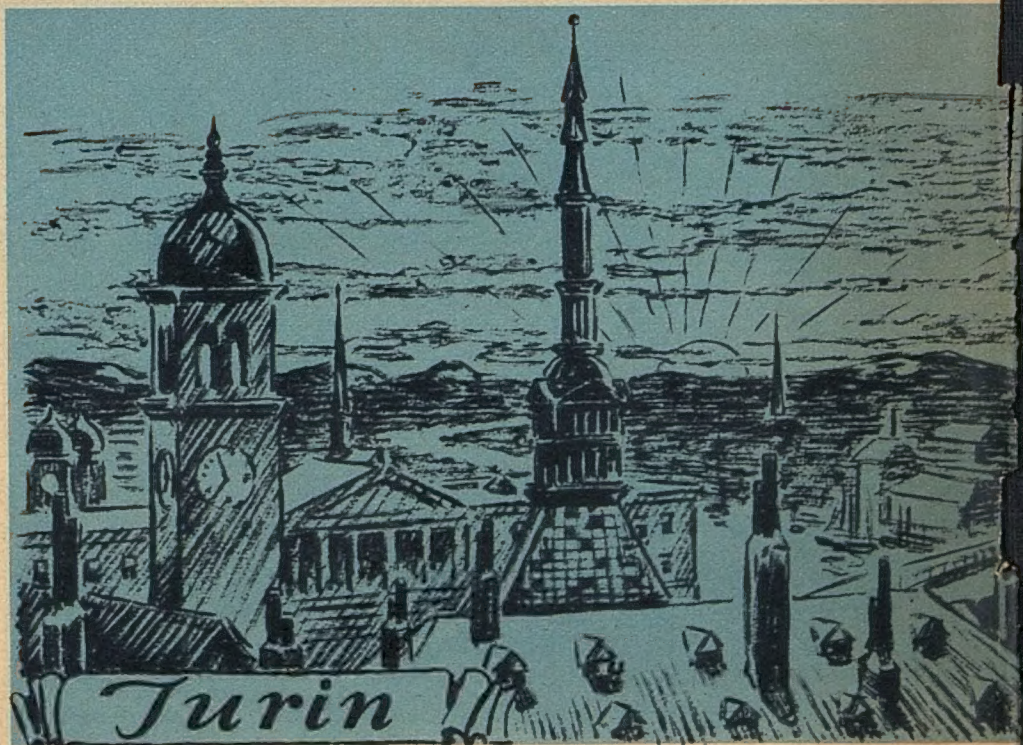
ONE great advantage Marc-Antoine possessed over other unfortunate nobles in his desperate case. Wealth was still his, and wealth that was safe in England and could there be drawn upon. This weapon he was shrewd enough to wield. Against his solemn pledge and his note of hand for some thousands of pounds in gold redeemable in London, Marc-Antoine's name was inserted in a list of persons executed, and he was spirited out of prison and supplied with a passport that bore him safely back across the Channel.

Until their chance meeting that night in the White Cross Inn at Turin, Lebel had remained in the persuasion that no hereditary proprietor of the Saulx estates survived. And Lebel's discovery of him alive at the White Cross Inn had resulted in harm to none but Lebel himself. How far it was actually calculated to serve Marc-Antoine's own purposes he did not discover until he made a closer acquaintance with Lebel's papers. It was then revealed to him that Lebel had not been crossing merely the path of his travels when they met, but also the very purpose of his mission to Venice.

On his escape from France in '93 Marc-Antoine was able to convey to King George's watchful government a deal of first-hand information. He caught the attention of Mr. Pitt. The minister sent for him not only then but on subsequent occasions when news more than ordinarily startling from across the Channel rendered desirable the opinions of one as well informed upon French matters as Marc-Antoine.

From all this it had resulted that, in the spring of this year 1796, Mr. Pitt displayed his trust in him by inviting him to assume a further and infinitely graver charge on behalf of the British government.

The successes of Bonaparte's Italian campaign had appeared all the more dismaying to Mr. Pitt because so utterly unexpected. Who with the facts before him could have imagined that a mere boy without experience of leadership, followed by a ragged, starveling horde inadequate in numbers and without proper equipment, could



successfully have opposed the coalition of the Piedmontese with the seasoned army of the Empire under the command of veterans in generalship? It was as alarming as it seemed fantastic. If the young Corsican were to continue as he had begun, the result might well be the rescue of the French Republic from the bankruptcy on the brink of which it was reeling.

A formidable military genius had arisen, and if Europe were to be saved from the deadly pestilence of Jacobinism it became necessary to throw every ounce of available strength into the scales against him.

The unarmed neutrality declared by the Republic of Venice and until now tolerantly viewed by Pitt could be tolerated no longer. It was not enough that Austria might be prepared to raise and launch fresh armies more formidable than that which Bonaparte had defeated. Venice, however fallen from her erstwhile power and glory, was still capable of putting an army of sixty thousand men into the field; and Venice must be persuaded to rouse herself from her neutrality.

This was to be the Vicomte de Saulx's mission. The very laws of Venice, which forbade all private intercourse between an accredited ambassador and the Doge or any member of the Senate, called for something of the kind.

Now Lebel, it appeared from the papers which Marc-Antoine perused with ever-increasing interest and attention, had the same ultimate destination, and went in much the same capacity to represent the French interest.

The elaborate notes of instruction in Barras's hand were of the most intimate character, confirming the complete confidence in Lebel which the powers bestowed upon him already announced.

Lebel's first errand was to Bonaparte, from whom he was enjoined to stand no nonsense. He might find—and there were already signs of it—that the general's successes had gone to his head.

There were minute instructions for the future conduct of the Italian campaign, but in no particular were they so minute as in what concerned Venice. Venice, Barras pointed out, was dangerously poised not merely between armed and unarmed neutrality but between neutrality and hostility.

IT must be Lebel's task to insist with Bonaparte that Venice should be lulled by protestations of friendship until the Austrian strength was so shattered that alliance with Venice could no longer avail either.

The instructions continued. From Bonaparte's headquarters at Milan, Lebel was to proceed to Venice, and there the French ambassador Lallemand was similarly to be governed by his instructions.

An open letter from Barras to the Ambassador Lallemand, presenting the bearer and asserting in unequivocal terms the powers that were vested in him by the Directory, made it clear that Lallemand and Lebel were not personally acquainted. This fact came to nourish and

fertilize the notion that was already taking root in Marc-Antoine's mind.

CHAPTER IV—THE AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE

MARC-ANTOINE first beheld that loveliest and strangest of the cities of the world in all the golden glory of a May morning. He installed himself at the Inn of the Swords, unpacked, and sent for a hairdresser.

He had travelled straight from Turin, and he had accomplished the journey in two days. He had reached Mestre unchallenged, and now in the ease and peace and dignity of Venice it seemed difficult to believe that the hideous stress of war could be anywhere within a thousand miles of them.

It would be some three hours after his arrival when, having made a careful toilette and with his hair carefully dressed and tied but free from powder, he went below and called for a gondola to carry him to the French legation.

The Citizen-Ambassador Lallemand was at work in the spacious room on the first floor which he made his office. He was interrupted by Jacob, the middle-aged, rustily clad, alert Semitic secretary, who brought him a folded note. He unfolded the note and read: "Camille Lebel, representative on mission, requests audience."

He frowned in silence for a moment. Then he shrugged. "Bring this man in."

The ambassador scrutinized Marc-Antoine searchingly as he rose to greet him.

"You are welcome, Citizen Lebel. We have been looking for your arrival since the last letters from the Citizen-Director Barras."

The newcomer frowned. "We?" he echoed. "Do you say 'we'? May one know whom you include in that pronoun?"

Lallemand was taken aback by the hard tone and the cold hard glance of those light eyes, in which he read displeasure and reproof.

"The pronoun? Oh! I but use it officially. A form of speech. So far no one shares with me the secret either that you were expected or that you have arrived."

"You had better see that no one does," was the dry injunction. "I do not propose to be found one morning floating in one of these extremely picturesque canals with a stiletto in my back."

"I am sure you have no cause to be afraid of that."

"I am not afraid of anything, citizen-ambassador. It is simply that the thing is not among my intentions."

He looked round for a chair, found one, thrust it nearer to the ambassador's writing table, and sat down. "I have a letter for you from the Citizen-Director Barras. If you will look at it you will learn our exact relationship."

Lallemand, inwardly restive under this insolence, prudently curbed himself to read the letter. It made abundantly clear the formidable authority with which Lebel was vested by the Directory.

"To be frank, citizen, I do not quite perceive what you are come to do that I could not have done. If you—"

He was interrupted by the abrupt opening of the door. A florid young man bounded impetuously into the room, speaking as he came:

"Citizen-ambassador, I am wondering whether you would like me to—" He broke off, perceiving the visitor, and presented every appearance of confusion. "Oh, but my apologies! I thought you were alone. I—if—perhaps— Oh, I will return later."

"Since you are here, what is it that you want, Domenico?"

"I was wondering whether you would allow me to take Jean with me as far as San Zuane. I am going to the—"

Lallemand cut him short: "Of course you may take him. There was no need to break in on me for that. Be off!"

Mumbling excuses, the young man backed away. And all the time his eyes continued to play over the visitor, from his fine boots to his sedulously dressed head.

When at last the door had closed upon him, Lallemand's lips were compressed into a little scornful smile. He gave a glance behind him at an open doorway and a small room beyond.



"Before that interruption I was about to trouble you to accompany me in there." He moved from the table and waved a hand in the direction of that doorway. "If you please."

Lallemant left the communicating door open, so that from the inner room he commanded a view of the larger outer chamber. He advanced a chair, and explained himself.

"In here we shall be safe from eavesdroppers. That young man so innocently concerned to take my son for a walk is a spy placed in my house by the Council of Ten. By tonight your visit and a description of you will be in the hands of the inquisitors of state," said Lallemant.

"And you tolerate his presence? You leave him free of your house?"

"He has his uses. Since I am aware of his real trade, I take him into my confidence now and then and disclose to him as political secrets just those matters which it suits me that the inquisitors of state should believe."

"I see," said Marc-Antoine, readjusting his ideas concerning this phlegmatic-looking ambassador. "I see."

"And now, citizen-representative, I am at your service," said the ambassador.

The false Lebel proceeded to disclose his mission. The odds against France were heavy enough already, and it was his business to see that they were rendered no heavier. Venice must at all costs be held strictly to her unarmed neutrality.

"Unless, of course," Lallemant interrupted him, "she could be brought into alliance with us against Austria."

The cold eyes stared at him. "That is unthinkable."

"Not to General Bonaparte."

"What has Bonaparte to do with it?"

Lallemant's thin smile made its reappearance. "Only this: he has sent me just such a proposal to place before the College."

"I see." The representative got to his feet. "And so you, Citizen-Ambassador Lallemant, the accredited representative here of the French government, are proposing to take your orders from the general in the field! Really, sir, I arrive no more than in time."

Lallemant was irritated. Indeed, under his smooth exterior he had been little else ever since the arrival of the representative. "I don't see why I should not act upon orders which I judge to accord with the best interests of France."

"You leave one gravely doubting your ability to judge. An alliance, sir, sets up obligations which are not in honour or even in decency afterward to be evaded. France has very definite views on the subject of Venice. It is our sacred mission to carry the torch of liberty and of reason into her territories. Are we to enter into an alliance with a government which it is our object to destroy? It is our business—the precise business on which I am here—to see that Venice is kept rigidly to her unarmed neutrality until it is time to strike their oligarchic government into the dust. Understand that clearly, citizen-ambassador."

MARC-ANTOINE sat down again, crossed his legs, and descending a little from his loftiness of manner came to matters which Lallemant found even more startling than anything that had gone before.

He announced that in the furtherance of the purpose responsible for his presence, and so as to study Venetian intentions at first hand, he proposed to go into the enemy's camp, representing himself as a secret agent of the British.

"Name of God! You must be a very brave man."

"Oh, no. Merely intelligent. At the outset I shall inform them that I am in relations with you—"

"What?"

"That I have imposed myself upon you by pretending to be a French agent. I shall establish my good faith by dealing with them precisely as you deal with this spy of theirs who has been installed in your house."

"And you imagine that this will impose upon them?"

"But why not? Surely it is no new thing for a secret agent to appear to be working on both sides. In fact, no secret agent ever succeeded either in serving his side or keeping his life who did not take the pay of both parties. But I incur one serious danger. At a whisper that I am Camille Lebel, the stiletto and canal to which I have alluded will probably close a career of some distinction and great ability to France." He paused there, to cast a glance through the open door at the empty room beyond. Then he added with peculiar emphasis: "It follows, therefore, that the secret of my identity, which lies at present between you and me, Lallemant, is not to be shared with any other single soul. You understand? Not even your wife is to suspect that I am Lebel."

"Oh, but my secretary, after all—"

"Your secretary is the only exception." The representative was very stern. "That, I realize, is necessary."

"My dear Citizen Lebel—"

"Forget that name!" The representative rose, suddenly dramatic. "It is not to be used again. Not even in private. Here in Venice I intend to be known as Mr. Melville, a flâneur, an English idler, and as Mr. Melville let me be known to you from this moment. Is that clear?"

"Certainly, Mr. Melville. But if you should get into difficulties—"

"If I get into difficulties I shall be beyond any man's assistance. So see that you create none for me by any indiscretion." His clear eyes were sternly upon the ambassador, who, utterly browbeaten, inclined his large head in submission. "That, I think, is all."

CHAPTER V—THE AMBASSADOR OF BRITAIN

IF the manners of Mr. Melville had ruffled the feelings of the ambassador of the French Republic, One and Indivisible, they were almost as severely to ruffle those of the ambassador of his Britannic Majesty, upon whom he waited that same afternoon. He presented to the ambassador a letter from Mr. Pitt which had travelled with him from England in the lining of his boot.

Seated at his writing table, Sir Richard left his visitor standing whilst, with the aid of a glass, he slowly perused the letter. He looked up at last, and his greenish eyes scrutinized the slim straight figure before him without warmth.

"Mr. Pitt says here that you will state your business, and he requests me to afford you every assistance in the discharge of it. What is this business?"

Mr. Melville stated it briefly and calmly. Sir Richard opened his eyes still further, or appeared to do so, raising his sandy brows.

"His Majesty is already quite adequately represented here. I fail to perceive the necessity for such a mission."

Mr. Melville was nettled. The man was a pompous idiot. "That observation should be addressed to Mr. Pitt. At the same time you may tell him of something else that you fail to perceive."

"If you please?"

"Something that must have been clear to him when it occurred to him to supplement you. Representations of the kind that expediency now suggests should be made to the rulers of the Most Serene Republic, to be effective, are not to be made in public. The sentiments of his Serenity the Doge, of the Cabinet, and even of the members of the Council of Ten must be privately influenced either in favour of this desirable alliance with Austria or at least of an armed neutrality. Since the laws of Venice rigidly forbid all private intercourse, or relations of any kind, between any member of the government and the ambassador of a foreign power, you are debarred by your office from steps possible only to an individual visiting Venice in an ostensibly private capacity."

Sir Richard made a gesture of impatience. "My dear sir, there are ways of doing these things."

"If there are, they are ways that do not commend themselves to Mr. Pitt."



RAFAEL SABATINI was born in Jesi, Italy, in 1875, of an Italian father and an English mother, and was educated in Switzerland. He has been writing since 1904, and many of his historical novels have been international best sellers, among them *Scaramouche*, *The Sea Hawk*, *Captain Blood*, and *Bellarion*. He is married and lives in London.

For a long moment the scowling ambassador considered.

"I am asked here to lend you support and assistance. I am asked to do this in a letter brought to me by a man whom I do not know. There is the question of your identity. You will have papers—a passport."

"I have not, Sir Richard." He did not attempt to explain how this happened. "But that letter should be a sufficient passport. Mr. Pitt has taken the precaution of adding a description of me at the foot. However, if that does not suffice, I can produce persons of eminence, integrity, and repute in Venice who are personally acquainted with me."

Sir Richard considered him with a sour humour. "Until you produce them, sir, and until I am satisfied that they are as you describe them, you will not wonder that I decline to act as your sponsor." He touched a bell on the table as he spoke. "That, I am sure, is what Mr. Pitt would expect and desire of me."

The door was opened by the usher. "I have the honour, sir, to wish you a very good day."

The perturbation in which Mr. Melville departed was less than might be supposed. If indeed he was perturbed at all, it was at the consideration that England should be represented in Venice at such a time by such a man.

WHEN, on the death of his father, Marc-Antoine had undertaken at the call of duty to his house and caste that hazardous and all but fatal journey into France, Count Francesco Pizzamano was, and had been for two years, Venetian minister in London. His son Domenico, an officer in the service of the Most Serene Republic, was an attaché at the legation, and between him and Marc-Antoine a friendship had grown which had presently embraced their respective families. Gradually Marc-Antoine's interest in Domenico had become less than his interest in Domenico's sister, the Isotta Pizzamano whom Romney painted, and whose beauty and grace are extolled in so many memoirs of the day.

A thousand times in the last month he had in fancy embraced Domenico, gripped the hand of the count, and pressed his lips upon the fingers of the countess, and more lingeringly upon the fingers of Isotta. Always she was last in that recurring day-dream. Always he saw her clearly—tall and slender, with a quality of queenliness, of saintliness, in which your true lover's worshipping eyes will ever array his mistress. Yet always in that fond vision she melted from her virginal austerity: the vivid generous lips in that otherwise nun-like face smiled a welcome that was not only kindly but glad.

This dream he was speeding now to realize.

In next week's installment you will read of Marc-Antoine's meeting with the lovely Isotta.



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN!

EVEN after brushing, teeth are sometimes dull, cloudy.

For the things we eat and drink leave *seven kinds of stains on teeth*. And most toothpastes fail to completely remove these stains. Why? . . .

Because most toothpastes have only one way of attacking *all* stains. But all stains will not yield to *any one* way. Some stains are removed by *emulsive* action. Others respond only to *polishing* action.

Colgate's does a *complete* job because it has both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams. The *emulsive* action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away.

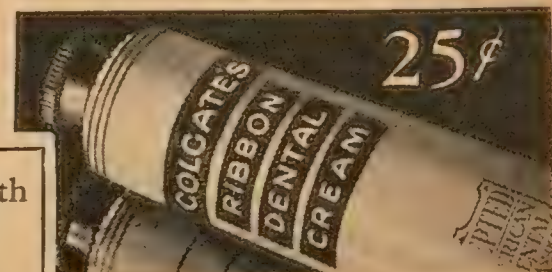
The *polishing* ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains; leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—gleaming.

Use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice how much cleaner, brighter it gets your teeth. The large-size tube is only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.



Why

Some Plain Facts Regarding the World's Disturbing Discovery That Uncle Santy Claus Is Dead

By JAY FRANKLIN

The Economic Conference

(Reading time: 15 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE London Conference met, exploded, and adjourned for precisely two reasons. The first reason was that European statesmen tried to double-cross President Roosevelt; the second reason was that President Roosevelt succeeded in double-crossing the European statesmen. After a long series of discussions at Washington between Roosevelt, MacDonald, Herriot, Jung, and others, it was agreed to keep the war debts out of the conference; on the first day of the conference, MacDonald brought in the war debts with a resounding bang and laid them on the table. In the same series of discussions Roosevelt had insisted that currency must be stabilized; but when the conference tried to discuss stabilization, Roosevelt refused to do so, and left the London gathering—and the American delegates in particular—looking extremely silly.

Back of both double-crosses, however, was one great reason for the failure of the conference: the fact that, so far as American diplomacy is concerned, Santy Claus is dead and buried. Our foreign policy has so long consisted of our supplying the capital and other nations supplying the experience that it has taken a diplomatic revolution to convince the American people that this need not always be the case. Roosevelt's July 3 bombshell from the cruiser Indianapolis showed us, and the rest of the world, that we didn't have to jump through the hoops every time we sat down at an international conference. It was bad diplomacy but it was good politics, and it showed that we had learned something, though not enough, from our experience of the last twenty years.

For the last generation the head of every American diplomatic expedition has been Santy Claus, with a benevolent smile and a herd of political reindeer, all ready to pass out gifts to good children. We gave away our neutrality in 1917, we gave away our war loans in 1918, we signed away our freedom from entangling alliances in 1919—and only the Senate prevented us from making it a reality when they rejected the Treaty of Versailles. We signed away our battle fleet at the Washington Conference of 1921-22. We signed away a large part of the war debts in the funding agreements. We signed away our liberty to build the sort of cruisers we needed at the London Conference of 1930. And we signed away what was left of the war debts when Hoover called his moratorium in 1931.

And in between times we were shipping billions of dollars out of the country in the form of loans, bond issues, and investments, at least two thirds of which have gone as sour as a one-armed saxophone player with asthma.

The world had never seen such a performance. We

Adjourned

handed the Allies their victory in 1918 and didn't ask for a cent of reparations or an inch of conquered territory. We gave up our sea power and got in return a tissue-paper agreement by which Japan agreed to keep out of China. We gave up our war debts, and now we aren't even sure of getting a fair break on our private loans. As an international Christmas tree it was magnificent; as practical politics it was the bunk.

Lots of people over here get hoarse and excited over the wickedness of the Europeans in taking advantage of us. They weren't wicked; they were only human. Any day that the bank starts giving away money you'll see a line of Americans a mile long waiting for a hand-out. When the government paid up part of the Bonus in 1931, the vets were right on the spot and got theirs. People are like that.

The result is, however, that when Santy Claus stops handing out the presents he comes in for a lot of dirty looks.

That's what happened in the first two weeks of the World Economic Conference at London. Every nation at that conference was—quite naturally—out for itself. Economics is a selfish business. But they couldn't believe that Uncle Sam was out for himself too. At every big successful European conference there is always a big pie to be sliced up and dished out to all comers. At the Versailles Conference it was Germany. At the London Conference it was to be America. It looked like a pipe. Secretary Hull and the American delegation were known to believe in coöperation to restore world prosperity. President Roosevelt was known to feel that any nation which blocked the success of the conference would be guilty of treason to humanity.

All that needed to be done was to show that if we didn't sign on the dotted line we would be breaking up the conference.

The result was a head-on collision between America's bucolic determination not to be played for a sucker and Europe's natural belief that the jolly old boy with the whiskers was there in person.

The crash took from June 12 to June 23, and led to a painful realization that Santy was no longer the patron saint of American diplomacy and that we had no intention of trading something for nothing, or any good hard cash for nice general principles. And so the conference agreed to adjourn on July 27.



Cartoon by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

The crash led to a painful realization that Santy was no longer the patron saint of American diplomacy.

There was nothing wicked about it all and the Europeans were quite right to try to advance their interests at our expense. We had been encouraging them to do so for years. Here was the set-up:

England, our chief trading competitor, had gone off the gold standard in September, 1931. At the same time the French had persuaded President Hoover to stick on the gold standard. This meant that British exports could drive American exports from the world's markets, because British money was cheaper than ours and because, whenever the Americans reduced the price of their goods, the British could waggle their own money lower still, so that the British manufacturers got the same amount of cash but the foreign customer paid less for the finished article.

It was a grand game while it worked. Unfortunately, Japan had already seen it, and was doing the same thing to the British in China and India that the British were doing to us in Europe and Latin America. So long as the French didn't interfere with the British game the British didn't interfere with the French game of sitting down hard on Germany. And the British had a big fund of money in reserve which they used to push the pound down or up, just as suited their convenience.

At the same time the British had thrown free trade out of the window. Through the Ottawa Agreements of 1932 they had signed up the British Empire countries to give tariff preference to British goods and thereby began to squeeze us out of our great natural markets in Canada, Australia, India, and New Zealand. From that it was only a step to signing special tariff agreements with foreign countries.

The British went right ahead—in Denmark, in the Argentine, and in other countries—making arrangements by which British goods should get the breaks. Nothing wrong about it at all. Plain common sense, as long as they could get away with it.

The French, on the other hand, had only one real inter-

est. They wanted to keep the gold standard—it is the basis of French world power and world security. Gold is the only money the French peasant understands and respects. France has been overrun by invaders so often and has had so many changes of government in the last hundred and fifty years that it would be a miracle if the French didn't cling to gold. It's the only form of wealth which can be buried and won't rust, which can be carried away in a hurry, and which is good whether France is a revolutionary republic, a Napoleonic empire, or what have you.

The French have gone out for gold in a big way and their money is spread out pretty wisely. Some of it has been used to keep her military allies "sweet" on the main proposition that what France says goes. Some of it has been used to buy in on the wealth of other countries. The French quarrel with Soviet Russia is really that the Russians borrowed a lot of French gold and didn't pay it back. If gold loses any of its value France is weakened. If the world goes off gold the French peasant is up a tree.

SO France came to the conference determined that all this inflation must stop. France must stay on the gold standard, Europe must stay on the gold standard, America must go back on the gold standard. France lined up most of the European countries behind her simply because experience has taught war-torn Europe that gold is the only money worth a damn when the Uhlands or the Cossacks are coming.

England hasn't been successfully invaded for nearly a thousand years. America doesn't know what real invasion is. We should worry about gold. Not so Europe. France set about protecting herself against cheap dollars and cheap pounds by putting up all sorts of fancy tariff restrictions, and then demanded that America go back on the gold standard. Nothing sinful here. A clever diplomatic trick—if it had worked.

So you had the two biggest European powers lined up

ready to knock us for a row on decimal points: England to keep underselling us in the empire and in the world markets by preferential treaties (closing the open door) and by depreciated currency; France ready to demand that the nation with the biggest gold reserve in the world play the gold game in order to help preserve French security. To France "stabilization" meant access to the American gold reserve in order to help finance the present political set-up in Europe—no more and no less.

Now, there were over sixty nations taking part in the London show, though you wouldn't have guessed it from the headlines. France and England were only two out of many.

Something had to be done to line up a diplomatic posse to go after Uncle Sam.

What could it be?

The dear old war debts came galloping to the rescue. France and most of her European allies were defaulters. England was getting ready—by special arrangement with Roosevelt—to pay ten cents on the dollar, and others were following her lead. Why not wave the bloody shirt? For fifteen years British and European papers had been advertising the unique iniquity of America in expecting to be repaid the money she had loaned the Allies in the World War. Millions of perfectly honest people had been convinced that the war debts were back of all the trouble in the world. It is true that England and France had agreed with Roosevelt to keep the war debts out of the conference, but what's a promise between politicians? On the first day of the conference Ramsay MacDonald whooped it up for debt cancellation, and other European spellbinders followed suit. The Americans could only say, "Nothing doing!" and that was all that was needed. So Uncle Shylock was up to his old tricks? This little trick isolated the Americans at the outset and prepared the way for the big attack. America must be made to stabilize her money at once at a rate convenient to the French and British.

Everybody seemed to be agreed on that, and the French made noises like breaking up the conference unless we did as they wished. No use to discuss tariffs or anything else; just have a preliminary stabilization for the duration of the conference and all would be well. Roosevelt said "No!" again, amid general curses. Were there to be no Christmas presents at London?

Apparently there were not. Nobody had bothered to pay serious attention to the fact that America stands to lose less from the breakdown of the conference than any other nation. If we have to go it alone, we can better afford to do so than the other countries. The Roosevelt recovery program is, in fact, a very definite first step toward going it alone and making ourselves self-contained.

HOWEVER, even if we do go it alone, we will have to have some foreign markets by which to exchange the stuff we can make for the stuff we can't: tin, antimony, vanadium, coffee, rubber, tea, raw silk, and so forth. To buy that stuff we'll have to sell our goods, and that means plenty of dirty work at the economic double-cross roads. We'll have to start signing special agreements with the Latin-American countries, butting in on the British Empire, bidding high for the trade of the Far East. It means a free-for-all and plenty of trouble. We're ready to do it only if we have to, but Roosevelt felt that it would be better to try to settle things by fair and square coöperation than by fighting. We still feel so.

There are three things we believe must be done, if

there's going to be real economic peace. There's got to be an end of tariff warfare and a scaling down of tariff barriers. Our own is high enough for us to use as a bargaining point. So, before we came to the conference at all, we proposed that there should be a tariff truce for the duration of the conference. There was a good deal of wriggling and squirming about that, but everybody that counted agreed that there should be no new tariff initiatives while the conference was in session. This meant that the British could not go ahead sewing up our markets with special agreements while they dragged on the conference; this meant that the French could not go around patting their friends and smacking their enemies according to how they voted in the conference chamber. It also meant that Roosevelt couldn't put on the high duties authorized by the Agricultural Relief and the National Recovery acts, and that we couldn't start making good tariff bargains with our friends and customers. It was a fair agreement.

The second thing we believed was that the world would never get anywhere until there were international agreements to govern agricultural overproduction. The reason that wheat prices slumped to starvation levels was that too much wheat was being grown for export. We proposed that Canada, Russia, Australia, the Argentine, and the United States get together and reduce acreage. This looked like a lost bet, until it was realized that we had just about 350,000,000 bushels of wheat we could dump on the world market for what it would bring if our competitors didn't agree to restrict production. This was an open threat. Other countries had to take account of it, as we could stand the loss better than they could. There's no sense pretending that it wasn't a pretty hard-boiled proposition.

THE third point is that we wanted to stabilize currency, but to do it in a fixed and final form which will stick, both nationally and internationally. We don't want to have anything like the last few years, when France, for political reasons, drove Austria into bank-

ruptcy, and England, to advance her own trade, hammered her friends and possessions off the gold standard, and then coöperated with France to keep us on it. We don't want anything like the British stunt of borrowing hundreds of millions of gold from us in one month and going off gold the next, or the French threatening to withdraw all their gold from our banks unless we fell in with their plans.

We want money to become what it should be: a medium of exchange between nations and between individuals, and not a political weapon with which to support French security, to prevent the union of Germany and Austria, or to advance the interest of one nation at the expense of another.

For that reason we made our first move for the conference by going off the gold standard and staying off. We showed that we were prepared to drive the dollar down as low as necessary in order to sell our goods at the expense of the pound. As a result, the pound, which had sold as low as \$3.25, began to creep up to \$4, to \$4.25, back toward the old parity of \$4.86.

It was our biggest single weapon with which to back up our proposals.

Hence the big crisis of the early days of the conference was the attempt to strike this weapon from our hands by persuading us to stabilize the dollar at a level which would still give our commercial competitors an edge on us and not threaten to drive the European countries off the gold standard.

Next Week—

THE STRANGE LIFE and DEATH OF STALIN'S WIFE

By Princess
Catherine Radziwill

A revelation of things the world never
knew concerning the mysterious figure
who became Red Russia's "Power Behind
the Throne"

Also stories and articles by
Rafael Sabatini—Jay Franklin—Vingie E. Roe—
Kyle S. Crichton, and others

The first attack failed. We showed that we were ready to talk business on tariffs, on money, and on crop restriction on terms of equality with the rest of the world, but that we did not propose to have France and England stampede the other sixty-odd nations at London against us simply because we wouldn't hand over our chief bargaining point on a golden platter.

Fortunately the conference survived the shock of the discovery that Santy Claus had been given an indefinite furlough from the United States Diplomatic Service.

Roosevelt, cruising off Cape Cod, sent his political mystery man, Professor Raymond Moley, off to London to give our delegates the low-down on what was happening in America and to report back to Washington the low-down of the World Economic Conference.

As a result the Economic Conference had to start all over again, on a sadder and wiser basis, with America keeping her fingers crossed and Europe realizing that in Roosevelt they are up against a different breed of President from those who have handed around the biggest Christmas gifts in history.

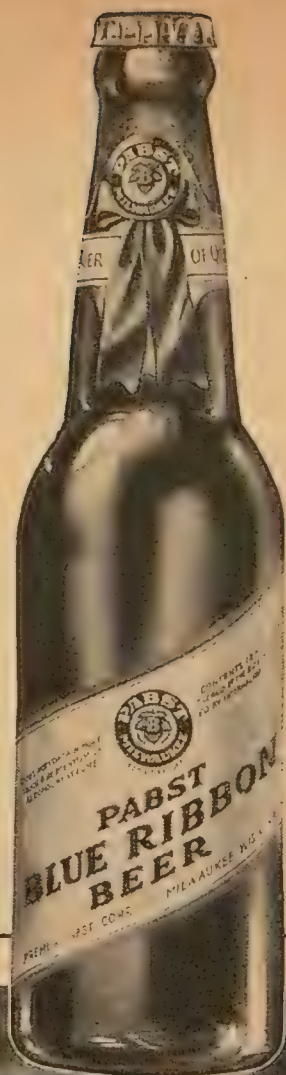
THERE'S a long, hard row ahead of us, Europe, and the world. If Europe realizes that American diplomatic hand-outs have come to an end, and if we realize that we don't need to give the world a kick in the teeth every time we turn down a diplomatic proposition, there are many practical things that can be done to restore world trade and world prosperity. The Economic Conference gave us a chance to negotiate a wheat agreement, to begin diplomatic dealings with Russia; it gave Europe a chance to help restore the prosperity of the Danubian countries — the world's sore spot, the area which began the World War and began the world depression.

These are important developments, but you don't need to keep a world conference running full blast at London to take care of them. The conference can leave a few subcommittees behind to handle the technical details, and adjourn until both the Old World and the New are ready to lay all their cards on the table.

That is the game which we are prepared to play. At the expense of an exhibition of unnecessary hard-boiledness, we have proved to ourselves that we can say "No!" to a set of foreign statesmen without breaking the heart of mankind, blowing off the lid, or bringing the world to a sudden and painful end. Now that we've done that, there's a fair chance that, when next we sit down with the other nations, what began as a diplomatic free-for-all may end up in a perfectly practical solution of a few of the problems which are fattening the bread lines and ruining the business of some sixty-five civilized nations.

THE END

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P A B S T
B L U E R I B B O N
Best of the Better Beers

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One morning he beamed on Eddie. "You putd one over. That dolly fade-in, is goodt work!"

The



He usually worked under George Oldham as first camera. To quote Eddie: "George ain't a bad guy, only cranky. But he sure can talk easy with them directors. If I could yes 'em the way George does I'd of been first camera before this." Eddie wasn't very good at yessing. If a director said: "How does it look to you, Eddie?" Eddie would peer glumly through his finder and reply: "Okay, I guess." Eddie had his own ideas about camera angles. Once in a while he would grunt: "Well, if you want it that way, okay by me. But I'd shoot three quarters from behind the door."

That was no way for a second cameraman to talk to directors, and Eddie knew it. George always gave them a hearty "Good stuff, chief!" or a "That's swell, but how about edging over just a little?"

Years of knocking about Hollywood lots had given Eddie a certain disapproving grimness. He was not by nature grim or disapproving. He had bright brown eyes set wide apart like a Boston terrier's; his nose was boyishly blunt and his wide chin clefted. He was careless about shaving and wore his caps until they got a little greasy as to visor. He kept his hair clipped short in a blond pompadour. Extra girls smiled at Eddie; they thought him "awful cute." But Eddie

(Reading time: 28 minutes 27 seconds.)

EDDIE BEAZELL had his own slant on Hollywood. He believed that all movie magnates were crazy. He believed they got that way from talking to writers, who were crazier than movie magnates, only not as dangerous. In Eddie's opinion, movie actors and actresses would be all right if someone would give them vigorous lickings twice a week and keep them restricted to not more than a hundred dollars spending money.

As to directors—they were pretty good guys, but stuck on themselves and apt to think they knew twice as much as they really did. Eddie felt that if some system could be devised to keep directors away from women and force them to listen to advice occasionally they'd be worth almost a third of their salaries. Assistant directors, Eddie believed, were a much nearer approach to honest men. They worked hard for their money and were never paid for guessing.

But the real good guys around studio lots were the cameramen, juicers, and grips. Of course that didn't take in a few first cameramen who were four-flushing saps, and it excluded all soundmen and mixers, who were just plain so-and-sos. However, you couldn't go wrong on second and third cameramen or juicers or grips. They were okay. In thus cataloguing the people who make movies, Eddie Beazell made no pretensions to being a seer. Eddie Beazell was a second cameraman.

Second cameramen are realists. They have to focus on the side angles and medium shots while the first cameramen are taking close-ups. They "pan" the crowds while the first cameras dolly in to get the hero and heroine dancing. They follow the horses with an Akeley lens as the first cameras set on the finish line to catch the jockey hero's fighting expression as he boots Kentucky Pride home. And while the first cameraman is busy shooting the torrid love-making on the chaise longue the second cameraman is getting set to pick up the stricken husband as he stands in the doorway. To quote Eddie: "I do the dirty work and George gets the screen credit."

Eddie was twenty-seven years old and he had been a second cameraman on the Soul Art lot for three years.

Eddie socked him. Mr. Giessow staggered back and sat down heavily.



Vision

If You Want To Keep
Your Girl Out of the
Movies, This Joyous
Tale Will Show You One
Way NOT to Do It.

of Eddie Beazell

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

still blushed under the obscene badinage of movie sets.

As Eddie often complained to Wilmer Lewis, his best friend among the juicers: "I can shoot the dirt as well as the next guy, but I ain't in favor of talking it to girls." Wilmer always agreed: "Yeah. Some of them extrys ought to have their mouth washed out with soap."

Eddie lived in Glendale with his mother. He earned two hundred and ninety dollars a week while helping to shoot a picture, and was buying a yellow stucco bungalow.

Mrs. Beazell was an ardent movie fan. She made Eddie take her to see every picture he worked on, and embarrassed him by talking loudly. She would say: "Is that your shot? Where did you cut in?" Eddie would have to explain that it was George's close-up on Sonia Sylva's legs in the boudoir scene, but that he had taken the establishing shot of what purported to be a street in Reno.

Mrs. Beazell questioned Eddie endlessly about the movie actors and actresses on the Soul Art pay roll.

"What's Byron Gordon like?"

"Aw, just an actor."

"I mean—is he as good-looking as his pictures?"

"Naw. He's got a bum left profile. You have to burn up the side of his nose with lights. He's got too much schnozzle."

"He's awful sweet, though, ain't he? I mean he ain't like a lot of the wild no-good ones."

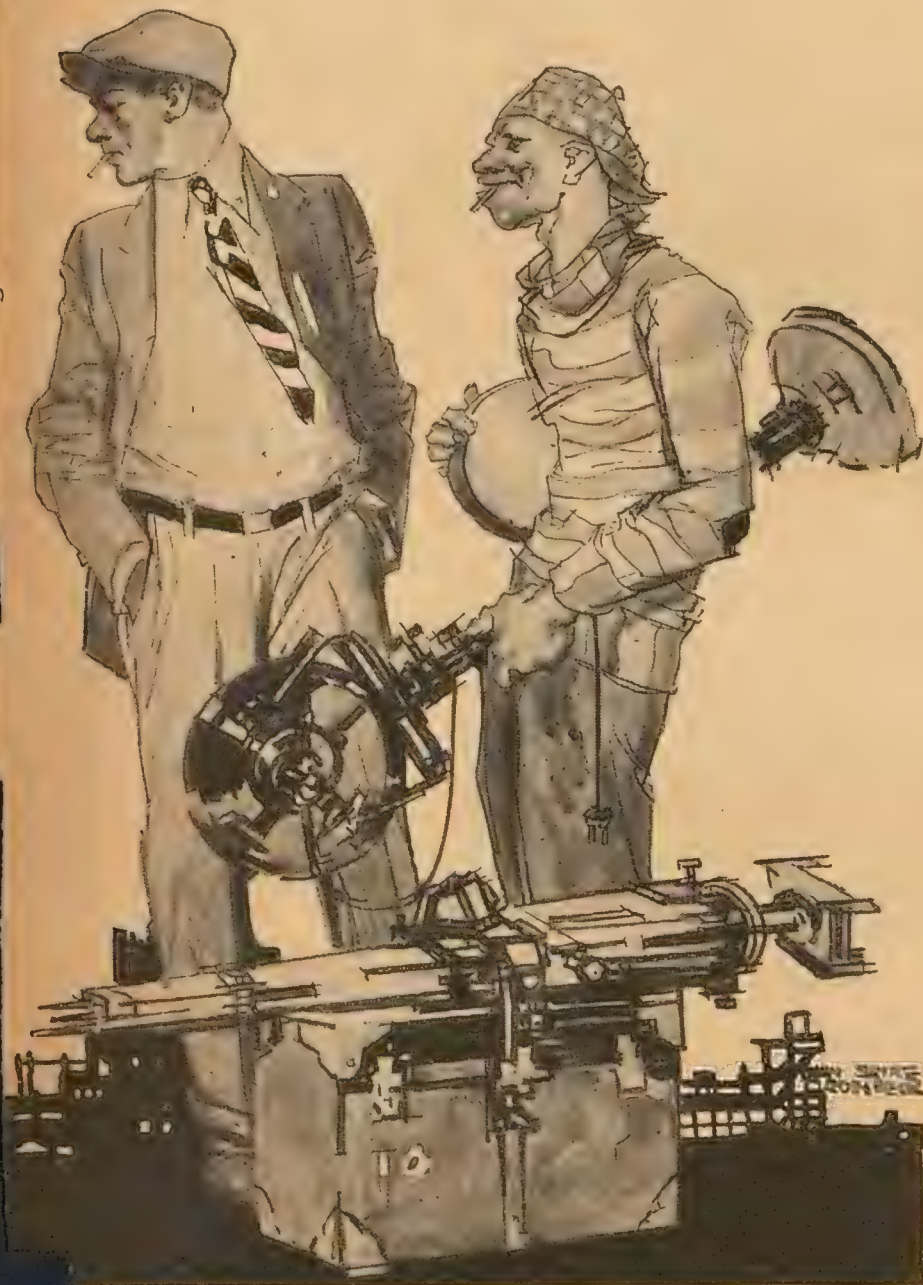
"Aw, he's all right, I guess."

EDDIE never tried to disillusion his mother as to the characters of actors or actresses. What was the use? Mom went to four picture shows a week and got fun out of them. Eddie himself viewed pictures with a rather jaundiced eye. He was always thinking: "Aw—aw, that's bum lighting. They ought to of thinned her legs"; or, "That Dunning ain't so hot; they could of taken the fuzz off by walking 'em the other way." He criticized the photography all the way through. He was restless and unhappy. Now, when he was a first cameraman he'd never let a director talk him into shooting from that angle. Of course the director was boss, but just the same a guy had the right to stick up for good camera work. And Eddie would twist in his seat, stirred by the mental picture of a title sheet reading: *Photography . . .* EDWARD J. BEAZELL.

But Eddie hadn't got a break. No director had come along and said: "I like your stuff, Eddie. You're going to be first camera on my next picture." Directors usually said: "How about that second camera? All set? Okay. Turn 'em over!" It was just lights, action, camera, blah-blah-blah, cut! All day long, or all night long. One picture after another.

Then, one day, George Oldham had big news.

"We're gonna work with Giessow, Eddie! He's just



signed for four pictures. If he likes us we're all set. He'll ask for us every time."

"Yeah? He's a rider, ain't he?"

George shrugged.

"He knows camera work. All you got to do is keep your mouth shut and shoot what he tells you. Bill Peters worked with him over at Mastodon and he says Giessow ain't so bad as he's made out. He liked Bill and recommended him to be a director.

Eddie's heart beat faster. This Kurt Giessow had come over from UFA and made a couple of swell pictures—War Angel and The Last Parade. Guys on the Mastodon lot claimed he could show von Sternberg tricks. But Giessow was supposed to be a tough hombre to work for. He got sarcastic and tore his hair and bawled you out every two minutes. Still, supposing Giessow took a fancy to you. If Giessow thought you would make a good first camera you wouldn't have to wait for seniority and then start shooting quickies along Poverty Row.

The first day's work with Giessow was encouraging.

Through the kindly solicitude of a casting director, a scenario editor, and an associate producer, Helen had risen from extra girl. She only nodded to Eddie now.

But Eddie didn't care. He had his secret convictions as to movie women, and a bland grinning indifference. This afternoon Eddie was thinking about other things. He was figuring his chances of making a hit with Giessow and being a first cameraman and drawing maybe five hundred a week and putting some real pictures in the cans.

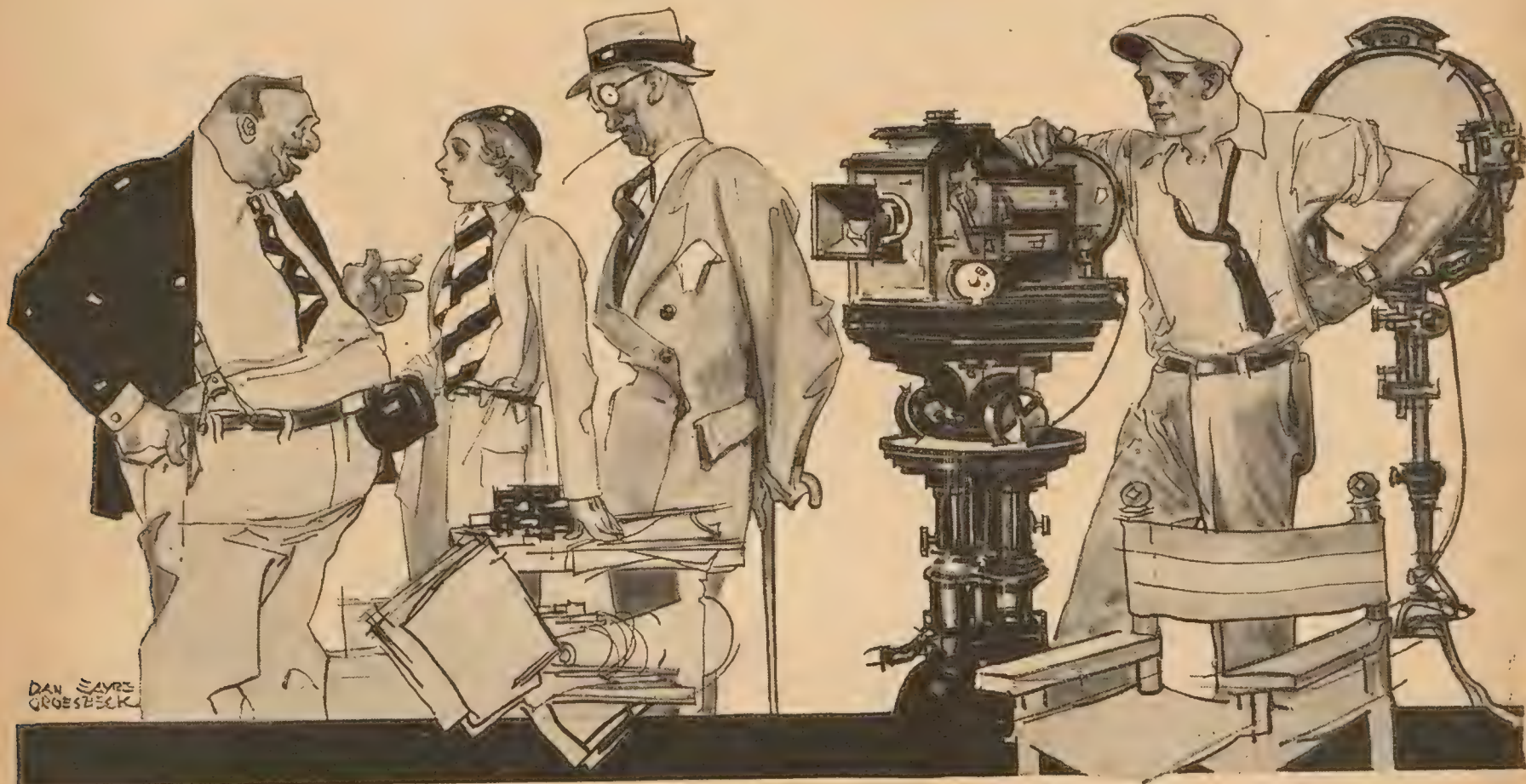
Suddenly, during a rehearsal wait, Eddie became aware of a conversation between two extra girls. They were sitting on a coil of cable near Eddie's camera.

"What did she say?"

"Aw, she tried to borrow some money offn me. I told her I was awful sorry but I owe eighteen fifty at the house and thirty-five to that dentist and all—f'r crisake, I couldn't lend her none."

"Didja tell her about the party?"

"Yeah. She stalled around and ast me did I know the



Eddie was working on the set when Mary appeared with Dunville and Mary was introduced.

The great director actually looked at Eddie twice. Once he said: "You zweep the streetd with the gamera like a broom when the grane moves, so!" Eddie said, "Yeah, boss, I get you." The second time Giessow said: "I wantd legs, legs, legs—segond gamera, blease!" Eddie nodded respectfully.

Giessow was a fat little guy with black hair that stood on end like he was scared. He had popeyes and thick lips. Eddie noticed that he was more interested in extra girls than cameramen. But then, Eddie knew several directors like that.

EDDIE overheard Irma Goldmyrd, the script clerk, telling Wilmer Lewis what the picture was about. It was to go under the working title, Living Together, and, as near as Eddie could make out, concerned a reformed prostitute who beat a married woman out of her husband. Eddie wasn't greatly absorbed. He believed most picture stories were hooley.

Nor did Eddie pay much attention to Helen Melroy, the star, who walked on the set to confer with Giessow. He noted casually that Helen had gin rings under eyes which might give trouble, and was sort of jittery. But it was up to Giessow to settle Helen and make her learn her lines; and it was up to George Oldham and the make-up man to look after Helen's gin rings. Eddie and Helen had started on the Soul Art lot about the same time.

fellas. I says sure I know 'em. Then she wants to know what kind of fellas. F'r crisake, she makes me tired. I says: 'Listen,' I says. 'You gotta eat, don'tcha? Well, f'r crisake, what difference does it make who pays?' Can you beat it? Imagine. And her stony broke and about to be kicked outa her room."

"Well, maybe we can get Myrt."

"We won't hafta. She'll feel like eating tonight. I told her to be at Sunset and Western at seven thirty. Do you guess this Dutch slob'll let us go by then?"

"I dunno. Look at um! Don't he think he's cute? He better quit fussing around Melroy."

"I'll say!"

Eddie looked at them as they giggled and exchanged whispered comments on Director Giessow. He knew the blonde one. She went by the name of Florabelle Mearshon, probably a phony for Flo Malone or something like that.

The whistle blew and Eddie had to turn his attention to Scene 47, Living Together. But the talk he had overheard stuck in his mind. Florabelle and her friend were roping this other girl into a party. The other girl was broke. Eddie knew the sort of parties Florabelle attended. Eddie got to wondering about the other girl. She sounded like a decent kid. But then—you never could tell. Eddie shook his head. It wasn't anything in his young life.

Giessow worked them late. It was past seven thirty when Eddie left the Soul Art studio. Eddie was still thinking about Florabelle and the other girl. Eddie rolled a cigarette and started his flivver. He scowled. Funny, how a guy who knew better would let a little thing like that get to him. Girls were going on parties every night in this town. There were four girls for every job, and what could the other three do if their folks didn't send them dough?

Still, Sunset and Western was right on Eddie's way. He always drove over Western to Los Feliz and thence to Glendale. He told himself he might as well keep his eyes open when he got to that corner.

He was stopped by the traffic signal at Sunset. Then he saw something. There were three guys in a big Cadillac at the curb in front of a drug store. There were three girls on the sidewalk. One was Florabelle, the second was her extra friend, and the third was a stranger to Eddie. Florabelle and her friend and the three guys were arguing with the third girl. She shook her head, pulled away from Florabelle, and walked off up Sunset. The others looked surprised, shrugged, and piled into the Cadillac. The third girl did not glance back.

AUTO horns behind him snapped Eddie out of it. But, instead of continuing along Western, Eddie made a left turn against the lights and drove up Sunset Boulevard.

He passed the girl, eying her surreptitiously. A cute little kid. Got red hair. Must be about eighteen. Hell, what was he doing? Making a sap out of himself. Little Eddie Buttinsky! He'd better be getting on home where he belonged. The kid was all right. She hadn't gone on the party. Let it rest, Eddie, let it rest!

He drove a quarter of a block past the girl and parked. Then he got out and walked toward her. His face was very red. She did not look at him as he approached. Her eyes were determinedly fixed on some spot a mile up the street. Eddie passed her. Then he got up courage and turned back.

"Pardon me, miss, but ain't you a friend of Florabelle Mearshon's?"

The girl halted.

"Yeah, I know her," she said.

"I thought you did," said Eddie; "and how I happened to know is I heard her talking on the set about a party you was going to tonight."

"I ain't going on any party."

"Yeah. I seen you give them guys in the Cadillac the air. You done just right, too."

"Flo lied to me. She said she knew those fellas. She didn't even know the first names of two of 'em."

"A kid like you ain't got any business going on parties with guys, anyways."

She examined the front of her cheap little blue coat.

"I guess that's right. But it does seem like it's the only way a girl can get a job in this town."

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Pay no more than 25c for Kotex.

"Yeah. You better go on home. Where do your folks live?"

She explained in a sudden burst of confidence. Her pa was dead. He used to have a big garage when they lived in Toledo and had a lot of money. She went to the Sisters' School and pa always sent one of the greaseballs in the car for her. She was raised careful. But pa died and her ma went and got married again. She married a big crook named Mr. Jellis. He stole all the money pa left and they moved to Dayton. Mr. Jellis spent all his time making home brew and taking out his mean temper on her. It seemed like ma wouldn't stand up to him and get her rights.

"Say, I don't believe I know your name," Eddie interrupted sympathetically.

Her name was Mary Cassett, but she had changed it to Mary Bryson because they told her at the movie school her real name would hamper her career. How she got the money to come to Hollywood, why, it was like this. Mr. McGinnis was a lawyer and one of pa's friends, and when she told him about Mr. Jellis stealing all pa's money he made Mr. Jellis pay her three hundred dollars. But those people at the movie school were crooks too. She paid them two hundred and thirty-eight dollars to show her how to act in the movies and they promised to get her a job. But they didn't—only two days' work as an extra at Mastodon—and they threw the parts of the picture she was in away. And now she'd rather die than go back and live with ma and Mr. Jellis.

"You sure had some tough breaks," said Eddie.

"Yeah. It just don't seem like a girl can get anywhere in pictures if she's got respect for her good name."

"That's right."

"Are you in pictures, Mr. Beazell?"

"Yeah. I'm a cameraman."

"O-oh—you are?"

"Yeah. I'm working on a big picture with Giessow. He's that new Dutch guy that's made such a big hit."

"O-o-oh—aw, I'll bet you're kidding me."

"Ast Florabelle."

"My goodness, do you actually *know* Mr. Giessow?"

"Yeah; I shook hands with him this morning."

"What's he like? And do you ever see Byron Gordon? What's he like? Have you ever worked on a picture with Helen Melroy? Actually *seen* her? Tell me—"

"We hadn't better stand here all night. We're blocking traffic."

"Oh. Yeah."

Eddie got red again.

"You had your supper yet?"

"Why—no, I ain't. I usually eat late."

"So do I. What say you have something to eat with me?"

"We-ell, I ain't any millionaire or anything like that—"

"This is on me, sister."

EDDIE escorted Miss Mary Cassett-Bryson grandly to the Pig 'n' Whistle on Vine Street. There, after telephoning his mother, he ordered the dollar-twenty-five dinner. He observed that his companion began eating crackers at once.

As she ate, without much talking, Eddie appraised her expertly. She was a cute kid. Sort of a cross between Gaynor and Bow. Her face had that certain boldness of outline, that clear-cut definition, which Eddie knew for the mark of photographic possibility.

Toward the end of the meal she began firing Hollywood-enraptured questions at him. He answered cautiously. He felt worried about her.

"You better cool off on this movie-star stuff, sister," he said finally.

She swallowed the last forkful of chocolate éclair.

"That's what they all say. Where would Joan Crawford be now if she'd believed 'em?"

"You ain't Joan Crawford."

"I'd be just as good-looking if I had the clothes!"

Eddie shook his head.

"I'll take Crawford."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I bet I can act just as good."

"Don't try it in here."

She gave him a reasonably accurate imitation of a Norma Shearer *moue*. Then she registered Garbo hauteur. Then she probably remembered her financial condition, for she said: "Are you really going to pay both checks?"

Eddie grinned and produced a ten-spot.

They went to the Egyptian and saw a picture. After that they had malted milks at the Elite.

"I'll walk home with you," he said. "Where do you live?"

"Over that way," she answered, indicating the Whitely Hills district vaguely.

After several blocks she said: "This is far enough. I can get home all right. I've had a fine time. Thanks for everything."

He caught her arm.

"You're broke, ain't you?" he said.

She hesitated.

"Yeah. I am. But I ain't gonna work you for a loan. Honest. S'long."

"Wait a minute. Where you gonna get it, if it ain't from me?"

"I got friends."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Well, I have."

Eddie was thinking, What a sap—me, Eddie Beazell. Letting myself be worked by a pick-up. Nothing to show for it, neither. I should of learned better. But—

"LISTEN, sister. You take this. I work at Soul Art and you can pay me back. Aw, gwan, now. Take it!"

He tucked the bill in her coat pocket.

She said impulsively, "I'll kiss you. Want me to? Come over here by this tree."

Eddie said: "Nix. Forget it." He backed away. He was alarmed, but more for her than for himself. This crazy kid! How long would she last in Hollywood if she went around offering to kiss every guy that did her a favor? She needed a guardeen, that's what she needed.

"You're an awful nice fella," she said. "And you needn't worry. I'll pay you back just as soon as I get a job."

Eddie grunted. It was rather like a groan.

"You'll never get a job—not in pictures. Listen. You know where the Orange Bucket is on Sunset near Warners?"

"Yeah. Do they need—"

"You show there in the morning. Eight o'clock. I know the guy that runs it and he'll give you a job."

"Do any stars ever eat there?"

"Sure, sure"—with grim sarcasm. "All the Warner brothers eat there regular."

"You're kidding me, ain't you? But I don't care. I'll work anywhere that'll give me a chance to start my career."

"Forget that career stuff."

She advanced on him smiling.

"You're the nicest fella I ever met. If I take this job and make good you'll give me an interduction to Mr. Giessow, won't you?"

Eddie scowled.

"Not a chance. You get this movie idea outa your head. I'm—uh—just trying to help you out so you'll pay me my ten bucks back. I'm smart, see?" And he left her with a gruff "So long, kid. I'll be seeing you sometime."

Eddie drove by the Orange Bucket and informed Mr. Nate Pressler, whose silent partner he was; that he must make room for a new girl on the staff. Mr. Pressler demurred and tried to kid Eddie. But Eddie said: "Nothing like that. This kid is a looker. She'll draw trade." He departed for Glendale with Mr. Pressler's promise to hire Miss Mary Cassett-Bryson.

He did not tell his mother about the events of the evening. While Mrs. Beazell adored movie stars, she had only the worst opinion as to extra girls.

Next noon Eddie was leaving the Soul Art lot for lunch when a familiar voice hailed him from among a crowd of job-seekers and tourists at the gate.

"Yoohoo—Eddie Beazell!"

He waited for her to catch up. "I thought I got you a job." "I still got it. Honest. But Mr. Pressler said I could take off for thirty minutes. How about that interduction to Mr. Giessow?"

She had thrown a coat over her orange uniform. Her red curls were jammed under a cap of the yachting pattern on which was lettered the legend ORANGE BUCKET DRINKS.

They wrangled for a block. But Eddie stood firm. She was a nice little kid and all that, see? But she better get wise to herself. Giessow wouldn't be a bit interested, except maybe he'd try to make a date.

"Oh, would he?"—eagerly.

"You don't want any dates with no director," said Eddie grimly. "Whatcha doing tonight?"

"Nothing, except a fella kinda inkled like he'd—"

"I'll come by for you. Maybe I can keep you outa a jam for once, anyway."

So that's how it was, see? Eddie had to look after this fool kid. She was bound to have dates and she'd better have 'em with a decent guy. No telling what kind of trouble she'd get into if Eddie didn't keep an eye on her.

THEY went to Venice and danced on the pavilion. They went walking in Griffith Park. They made a Sunday excursion to Catalina. They went to picture shows. But always their talk drifted around to this:

"When you gonna help me start my career, Eddie?"

"Aw, you don't want to be no actress."

"I do so! And if you'd help me I'd be famous some day. I'd be rich, too. And I'd give you half."

"Oh, yeah? Big-hearted, ain't you?"

"Sure I am. Didn't I offer to pay you five dollars interest on that ten dollars you lent me?"

"You wouldn't be that way long if you was in pictures."

"So that's what you're afraid of, is it? Scared I'll high-hat you, hunh?"

"Who, me? Sa-ay, you already caused me enough trouble. I'd be better off if you was to never speak to me again."

"Oh, Eddie—honest?"

"Aw, you're a good enough little kid, I guess. Except for this movie-star notion. Come on; let's dance."

Eddie's own ambition had found encouraging signs on the Living Together set. Giessow was having daily quarrels with George Oldham, his first cameraman. All George's smooth talk could not keep the choleric little German in good temper. Giessow would burst out: "Notd the lightd there! No, no. Do you wantd to ruin me? Ach, Gott—such stupidity I haaf never zeen!"

Giessow fretted and fumed in the projection room. He began to discard a few of Oldham's shots for the second-camera takes. One morning he beamed on Eddie and said: "You putd one over, young man. That

dolly fade-in, it is goodt work!" Eddie said, "Thanks, boss." He had found the formula for getting along with Giessow—a formula which George had recommended but was unable to follow. Eddie kept his mouth shut. His grim taciturnity pleased Giessow, who was a little bewildered by Oldham's slangy, palavering Americanisms.

Oldham complained to Eddie: "That Dutch boob can't keep his eyes off the women long enough to decide what he wants to shoot. He's dating gals every night."

Eddie agreed: "Yeah; he sure is a hound at it."

But Eddie never worried about a

director's morals. That wasn't the duty of a second cameraman.

Mary kept after him:

"Eddie, I ain't gonna wait much longer. Dishing orange juice makes me sick to my stomick. If you don't help me get a break I'm gonna see Mr. Giessow myself. Or I'll see the casting director. I'll see somebody!"

"I thought you was decent."

"I am decent."

"You ain't been talking like it."

"That's just your dirty-mindedness, Eddie Beazell. There's lots of men with high characters in the movies. Take Conrad Nagel. Take Buddy Rogers. Take—"

"I wouldn't trust none of 'em."



Keeps Her Silver Shining . . .
But her Teeth are Dull . . .
Her Gums Tender . . . and she has

"Pink tooth brush"!

THIS young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But why doesn't she give her teeth as much care—do something about *their tarnished look*?

She cleans her teeth. Of course she does! But she doesn't realize that *brushing the teeth is not enough*.

Her gums are flabby, touchy, unhealthy. They tend to bleed—show "pink." Her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush"—but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Even sound teeth may be endangered.

The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, rub a little extra Ipana into

your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack.

Your gums will become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-93, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.



"Huh! I suppose you're the only decent fella in Hollywood."

"Sure. And you can't trust me."

"Well, I ain't going on this way."

Eddie grinned.

"You be a good girl and maybe I'll marry you."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. I got a hunch I'll be a first camera pretty soon, with lots of work. Maybe four or five pictures a year. So you better be good."

"Not a chance, Eddie. Not unless you help me get started in pictures."

Eddie got scared.

"Aw, you're just kidding. You'd marry me tomorrow if I was to ast you."

"Okay. Ask me."

"I won't ast you because you ain't got enough sense yet."

"Is that so? You're afraid to ask me because you know I'll say no."

Eddie was silenced. He wavered. Well, maybe he ought to help the kid. She might make a star. How could you tell? She'd photograph like a million dollars and she was smart. A lot dumber ones had made the grade. If he got along all right with Giessow maybe he could put in a word for her. But that Giessow guy—And look what happened with Helen Melroy!

Then Mary decided to help herself.

Eddie was working on the Living Together set the next afternoon when Mary appeared with Tom Dunville, one of the casting directors. Dunville summoned Giessow, and Mary was introduced. Eddie, watching from behind his camera, noticed that Giessow was looking the girl over carefully. Mary studiously avoided glancing in Eddie's direction.

Giessow and Dunville and the girl walked off the set for further conference. Giessow returned alone after about five minutes.

That night Eddie and Mary quarreled.

"You got no business fooling around Giessow. I know him and you don't."

"That's just your dirty-mindedness, Eddie. Mr. Giessow is a nice fella. He's gonna give me a test for a part in the picture."

"Oh, yeah? I guess you're gonna replace Melroy!"

"You needn't get so sarcastic. It's just a small part in the prologue; but it's a start, and Mr. Giessow says I got personality."

"They all say that. He'll be asking you for a date next."

She lifted her chin defiantly.

"Well, what if he does? That isn't any crime, is it?"

Eddie set his square jaw.

"You ain't going on no dates with Giessow."

"Oh, Eddie, why are you so dirty-minded? Mr. Giessow is old enough to be my father. He is just a nice old Dutchman, and he says I remind him of his niece that lives in Berlin."

"Hunh! If you're dumb enough to fall for that—"

"That'll be all, Mr. Beazell. If you can't act like a gentleman I'm not going to talk to you any more."

"Aw, now, Mary—"

EDDIE was morose and glum when he reported for work the next morning. Maybe he was a sap. Giessow was giving the kid a chance. He watched Giessow grimly as the little German bustled and blustered about the set. Eddie could see why Giessow got away with this nice-old-Dutchman stuff. Giessow didn't look like a heavy; he looked more like a comedian.

A few minutes later Eddie almost decided that he had misjudged Giessow. The director had just seen the rushes of yesterday's shooting and was wrathful toward George Oldham for what he termed "slopshoddy vurk." Oldham, his nerves frayed by numerous badgerings in the last few days, talked back once too often. He said, "You ordered me to shoot from that angle and I told you the lights wasn't right." Giessow flared, "Ach, Gott! Don't talk back to me. I vill not haff it. No!"

Oldham subsided, muttering. Giessow waddled over to Eddie. "You vill be first gamera after today, Eddie,"

he announced. "I myself will zee to it in the office."

Eddie thought, "Golly, what a break! First camera!" He said gruffly, "Thanks, Mr. Giessow."

Eddie felt almost ashamed of himself. Giessow was a pretty swell guy. Perhaps all this talk around the lot about Giessow's woman-chasing was just the usual Hollywood gossip. Still—what about this little kid Mary Cassett? She was going to break into the movies. She was going to do it with Giessow's help. Eddie could not put down the uneasiness he felt. That kid had something. She had something darn' sweet. There was a big difference between her and Helen Melroy. There was a big difference between her and any of these girls in pictures. But in a year—or two years—wouldn't she look like all the rest? Wouldn't she act like all the rest? She'd want to be a star, and Giessow could make her one.

Giessow hurried the day's schedule of scenes. Eddie tried to forget his small secret worry in exultant thoughts of tomorrow's promotion. He worked with unusual care and was even affable toward the soundman. So happy was he over his prospective career as a first cameraman that he was moved to find Mary and make up with her.

BUT as he was leaving the set shortly before six o'clock he overheard Dunville kidding Giessow:

"She got the job, didn't she?"

"Yah. A fine liddle girl. I haff a neeze justd like her."

"Yeah? Hollywood is full of your nieces."

The casting director laughed and Giessow joined him with a series of porcine grunts.

"I haff a date with her tonight already," he confided.

Eddie came to a halt outside the stage. Well, here it was! She was going out with Giessow. And what was he, Eddie Beazell, going to do about it?

"Don't be a sap," Eddie warned himself. "It's none of your business. That kid can take care of herself. You should act like a sanctimonious buttinsky and get yourself in bad with Giessow! Leave it lay, Eddie, leave it lay."

But the sound of Giessow's laugh troubled him. He sauntered rather aimlessly toward the front gate. Then he saw Miss Mary Cassett sashaying across the lot toward Director Giessow's office. She was wearing a new sports outfit of black and white, and something in the childish, eager poise of her figure hurt Eddie's heart. He walked over and stopped her.

"Where are you going?"

Her eyes blazed.

"I am not aware that I have to tell you my business, Mr. Beazell."

"Got a date with Giessow, haven't you?"

"You get away from me!"

They glared at each other.

"Whatd iss all thiss?"

Mary whirled about.

"Will you please send this buttinsky about his business, Mr. Giessow?" she appealed.

Giessow lumbered down the steps of the directors' office building.

"Eddie? Miss Gassett? You are friendts, no?" He looked from Eddie to Mary.

Eddie looked at the pavement. The girl said promptly, "He ain't any friend of mine and I want him to leave me alone."

Giessow stiffened.

"So? I didt notd think you were like thiss, young man."

Eddie disregarded him. He turned to the girl and said, "Aw, you don't want to have any dates with this guy, Mary. Can't you see—"

"So!"

Eddie reddened miserably under the girl's angry stare and Giessow's look of outraged innocence. He thought, "Just a sap, that's me!" But something held him doggedly in his tracks.

The girl said, "Come on, Mr. Giessow, let's go. Eddie just isn't a gentleman and he don't know any better."

Eddie grabbed her arm.

"You're not going on no dates with no director," said Eddie.

Giessow said heavily, "Leaf go off her. Thiss iss an inzult. Quick! Go away before I loose my tember."

He shoved Eddie. He shoved him again. All Eddie's bafflement welled up in a demand for action. "Who you shoving?" Eddie growled. He released his hold on Mary's arm and faced Giessow. The director's piggy little eyes glittered coldly. Eddie realized in that instant Mr. Giessow was not a nice kind daddy who made little girls into movie stars because they resembled his niece in Berlin.

"Don't you never talk to this kid again," Eddie said levelly. "If you do I'll—I'll sock you!"

Mr. Giessow exploded apoplectically.

"You are a inzolent puppy dog!" he said.

Eddie socked him. Mr. Giessow staggered back and sat down heavily. Mary gasped. Assistant directors and odd-job men poured out of the directors' building. Someone helped Giessow to his feet. He pointed a chubby forefinger at Eddie.

"You are fired! You vill notd be my first gameraman. You vill get your money and go!"

Eddie said nothing. He turned away and walked slowly toward the gate. What a sap he'd turned out to be! Clouting the guy who would have made him in camera work. Getting sore because a little flossy two-timer wanted to

trade her reputation for stardom in the movies. Voices sounded behind him.

"You got a nerve, firing Eddie!"

"He iss fired. He vill stay fired."

"But—but you can't do that, Mr. Giessow. Eddie's wanted to be first cameraman for months and months. Eddie! Stop. Come back."

Eddie kept on walking. Running footsteps sounded behind him.

"Eddie"—tearfully—"I—I didn't know about you being promoted, Eddie. I don't want to be in the movies. I told him so—the big Dutch bum!"

Eddie halted and turned around. He blinked. Why, the kid was crying! Eddie grinned happily.

"Forget it, kid," he said. "I don't want to be first cameraman. That's—that's a hell of a job."

They were at the gates when an assistant director trotted up yelling "Hey, Eddie, wait a minute!" Eddie turned, glowering.

"Giessow says for both uv you to come back. He ain't sore. He's gotta start a new picture tomorrow and he wants you for first camera. He says he'll give *her* a job, too. You made a big hit when you socked him, Eddie. It was just what the Dutch slob needed!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How high is the Capitol at Washington?

2—What Apostle killed himself?

3—What does Nantucket mean?

4—In what country is Mandalay?

5—Which is the largest museum in the United States?

6—How many feet are there in a mile?

7—What does *Tēmpus fugit* mean?

8—On what river is Prague situated?

9—Who was Aaron?

10—What President had the largest number of children?

11—Which state has the lowest percentage of illiteracy?

12—Where does most of the world's supply of platinum come from?

13—Where was the first Prince of Wales born?

14—Who was Kung-fu-tse?

15—What is logistics?

16—What father and son were both Prime Ministers of England?

17—What is nepotism?

18—Where is the world's largest coral reef?

19—What is the longest verse in the Bible?

20—Who ruled the world's largest empire?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

Nothing left to Chance!

Chicago! World's Fair!

From the dizzy height of the Sky-Ride Tower people look down. 625 feet below, Lake Michigan! Down there, "Rocket-Cars" fill. The Exposition is a blaze of color. A car swings off into space

Nothing was left to chance here! Every bolt and rivet was tested for strength and quality. So Fortune Shoes are tested. Exacting laboratory tests insure the strength and endurance of Fortune materials. Nothing is left to chance. Long wear. Comfort. Smart style. No wonder thousands turn daily to Fortune Shoes!

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Martyrdom, Melodrama, and MIRTH

Mr. Wagner reviews all pictures in Hollywood just before their general release. After these previews endings are sometimes changed or cut. If the picture reveals other differences, they are probably due to censor boards, local, state, or national.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 40 seconds.)

A MAN begins a full life in one part of the world; he adventures hither and yon during fifty or sixty tempestuous years, and ends his life on the opposite side of the earth. A verbal biography of such a saga would require days to read. Pages would be necessary to describe each new location, chapters for single incidents, and perhaps several volumes to encompass the whole span of life.

On the screen, locations are registered in a flash and episodes that show the molding of character are visualized in a few feet of film. Indeed, so rapidly are the milestones passed in this visual presentation that the whole pageant of the man's life from the cradle to the grave can be comprehensively shown within the short space of ninety minutes.

A fine example of this demonstration in relativity is seen in the film biography, told in fictional form, of Anton Cermak, the martyred mayor of Chicago, whose sixty-odd crowded years are revealed in less time than it takes to play a rubber of bridge.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ THE MAN WHO DARED

THE PLAYERS: Preston Foster, Zita Johann, Joan Marsh, Irene Biller, Clifford Jones, Leon Waycoff, Douglas Cosgrove, Douglas Dumbrille, Frank Sheridan, Leonid Snegoff, Elsie Larson, Lita Chevret, Vivien Reid, Matt McHugh, Jay Ward. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden.

From Rags to Riches; From Log Cabin to President. Such are the subtitles of innumerable biographies that



*Zita Johann and Preston Foster, the principals in **The Man Who Dared**, based on the life of Anton Cermak.*



***Tugboat Annie**, a waterfront melodrama, features two superb artists, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery.*

have flooded the success magazines for years. Now behold **The Making of an American** in screen treatment.

Two immigrants with their baby arrive from Bohemia at Castle Garden in 1871. They go West and arrive in Chicago during the great fire. Leaving immediately, the father gets work in a coal mine. More children are born. The father is killed in a mine explosion.

The son, Jan Novak (Preston Foster), grows up in the mine. Throwing the boss in a wrestling match, he is fired. "Kicked upstairs." Becomes a wood peddler in Chicago. Fights and wins against district racketeers. Meets Zita Johann in Bohemian restaurant. Love. Marriage. Becomes leader of Bohemian colony during World's Fair of 1892. Politics. A realist, in the face of civic corruption he remains clean. Up and up until, in spite of a national Republican landslide, he is elected mayor of Chicago. A long fight against gangsterism. Roosevelt is elected. He goes to Miami to invite the President elect to open the Century of Progress Fair. Assassinated. Fade-out on the funeral train bearing his body home.

The picture is remarkable in the amazing use of material shown in so short a time, in the superb direction of incidents that punctuate the milestones of Jan's life, and in the fine performance of Preston Foster in the chief character rôle—never flamboyantly virtuous or patriotic, but growing in character with each new responsibility. Remarkable, too, is the way in which Foster, beginning as a radiant healthy youngster, gradually takes on the years until he has become a grandfather.

A notable and inspiring picture of America's proudest boast that this land of the melting pot is the land of opportunity.

Cermak's Life Makes a Notable Film — Marie Dressler as a Tugboat Skipper — Claudette Colbert, Slim Summerville, and ZaSu Pitts in New Comedies

By **ROB WAGNER**



Mary Boland, Richard Arlen, Tom Brown, and Wallace Ford in a scene from the film *Three-Cornered Moon*.

★★ TUGBOAT ANNIE

THE PLAYERS: Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Willard Robertson, Tammany Young, Frankie Darro, Jack Pennick, Paul Hurst. Directed by Mervyn Leroy.

Two superb artists in a bum story bolstered by custard and cataclysm.

Marie Dressler is the skipper of a tugboat in Secoma harbor, with a heart big enough to love Wally Beery, a grinning moron perpetually crooked. Wally drinks everything from gin to hair tonic, and most of the gags are built around the embarrassments caused by his unlovely alcoholic state. One of the oldest sure-fire laughs in the movies is the soap-in-the-soup gag. Even *that* is invoked.

While trying to salvage a case of gin floating in the harbor, Wally crashes into a ferryboat and the tug is lost in a damage suit. However, Annie is reemployed, with the humiliation of captaining a convoy of garbage scows.

As Annie and her husband sink lower and lower, their son, Robert Young, becomes captain of a handsome liner, and the big melodramatic punch comes when the tugboat saves it from going on the reefs in a studio storm that would stump every admiral in the world. The seamanship displayed is especially remarkable from the fact that the rescue is effected while Annie, the skipper, is below decks watching Wally, her first mate, crawling through a hot boiler to mend a leak. Melodrama at its mellowest.

★★ THREE-CORNERED MOON

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Mary Boland, Wallace Ford, Lyda Roberti, Joan Marsh, Tom Brown, Hardie Albright, William Bakewell, Clara Blandick, Edward Gargan, John Kelly, Sam Hardy. Directed by Elliott Nugent.

A grand old-fashioned Hoyt comedy of a ridiculous family—the Rimplegars. Mrs. Rimplegar (Mary Boland) is a happy good-natured moronic mother who doesn't know what anything's about. Her husband died at the beginning of the depression, leaving her three sons, Wallace Ford, Tom Brown, and William Bakewell, and a daughter, Claudette Colbert. He also left her a



Two comedy favorites, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville, add much to the enjoyment of *Her First Mate*.

fortune, which Mrs. Rimplegar invested in the Three-Cornered Moon Mine because a charming man in a brokerage office told her to. She wakes up one day to learn she has \$1.59 in the bank.

The story now concerns itself with the wild efforts of four utterly footless children to make a living, and is complicated by Claudette's absurd love affair with Hardie Albright, an artist with a soul above work but with a stomach that needs stoking, and by Richard Arlen's devotion to Claudette and his efforts to understand her crazy family. All this time poor Mrs. Rimplegar runs around like a chicken who has hatched ducks, but with nowhere near the mentality of a chicken.

It is a fast-moving comedy of bright lines and hilarious situations.

★★ HER FIRST MATE

THE PLAYERS: Slim Summerville, ZaSu Pitts, Una Merkel, Warren Hymer, Berton Churchill, George Marion, Henry Armetta. Directed by William Wyler.

A simple story of pathos and laughter well suited to the charming personalities of the two stars Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts.

Slim, son of a sea captain, dreams of the day when he will heroically stand upon the bridge of his own ship. But while Slim poses at home as the first mate of the Albany night boat, he is, alas, only the peanut butcher aboard. ZaSu, his adoring wife, thinks a ferryboat is just about Slim's size and surreptitiously buys one with their savings. The ferry burns just after the purchase and ZaSu is distraught. Slim asks for the money to buy a sailing ship which Henry Armetta, a rumrunner, is trying to unload. The money is gone, so ZaSu has to stall. All right; Slim trades his house for the ship, which is confiscated at sea by the government. Now all is lost! But no; a franchise went with the ferry, which turns out to be so valuable that a new ferry is built, and Slim is at last a captain!

Not a smart crack in the whole show; just quiet, old-fashioned humor, with Una Merkel and Warren Hymer clicking additional laughs throughout.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street.

★★★—Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong.



International photo

The boyish Jimmy who entered the state Senate.



Laugh,

had the murder of the gambler Rosenthal, which produced an upheaval in New York City and led to a period of good municipal government. Where did Jimmy stand through all this? According to Mr. Collins, he stood in Times Square!—for Broadway had taken him to its bosom.

He married "Allie" and they lived in the old Walker home at 6 St. Luke's Place. He was at last admitted to the bar and, more or less, practiced law. Like so many other things, some of his best known cases were handed to him.

PART THREE—FOLLIES AND FRIENDSHIPS

JIMMY wasn't a chaser. He never has been. Women came to him on a platter, just as everything else did. At any rate, it was about this time that Assemblyman Walker began going to Broadway parties without his wife.

It is possible to go to Broadway parties unaccompanied, but it is difficult to leave them in the same condition. A Broadway butterfly seldom flaps his wings alone.

The Ziegfeld Follies were at this time in the full stride of their remarkable career. For the first time a Broadway manager had turned the ladies of his ensemble into the principals of his show. And such principals!

"Mr. Ziegfeld," Percy Hammond said of him at this time, "is in a manner of speaking a Broadway Cellini, working in women's shapes instead of in Florentine brass. He sees a perfect knee or hip, and he puts it into his Follies as Benvenuto would have put it into a statuette."

What was true of Ziegfeld professionally is true of many other impresarios privately. "I collect women," one of them once said, "as another man collects paintings or statues or books." Others, less artistically minded, pass them out to their friends, their business associates, their political protectors—in return for value received.

So it happens that lawyers who practice in Times Square, especially those who represent theatrical clients, often get part of their pay in "the run of the theater." What is really meant by this phrase is the run of the dressing rooms.

The PRIVATE LIFE OF JIMMY WALKER

(Reading time: 19 minutes 55 seconds.)

JIMMY'S entrance into public life was chronicled in last week's installment. He was twenty-eight when Tammany's Greenwich Village district leader handed him "on a platter" a seat in the New York State Assembly. As stump speaker, the Jimmy of those days was more lyrical than pert, but soon he was in demand for after-dinner speeches, and in these he wise-cracked.

The bipartisan political upheaval of 1912 from which Wilson emerged as President elect seems to have had no effect on the ideas or endeavors of Assemblyman Walker. No more



The Keys to Broadway—
Tammany Picks a State
Senator—When Cav-
alcade Went Passing
By—Jimmy and Al Smith

By
FREDERICK
L.
COLLINS

TOWN, *Laugh!*

When Attorney Jimmy Walker became the legal representative of the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America and combined that theatrically influential post with the politically influential one of member of the New York State Senate, Jimmy received what he was later so often to give to others: the keys of the city.

Assemblyman Walker's promotion to the Senate had come in 1914, the year the world went to war.

"It's wastin' himself in the Assembly he is," old Tom Foley had said. "'Tis the Senate where he belongs, an' to the Senate he's goin'."

There were—according to Edward Doherty, super-reporter, who is authority for this conversation—a good many soreheads in Tammany Hall over this decision. Al Smith, for example, had fought the party battles in the Assembly for eleven long years before receiving political preferment; and now little Jimmy Walker the song writer was to be handed another platter after a paltry five. The "boys" didn't think he was ready.

"Don't be belittlin' the lad," replied Foley. "Jimmy Walker'll go far in politics, farther than most of ye. I know how to pick 'em. I haven't failed yet."

Foley it was who had picked Al Smith for his first political job. He was Tammany's Warwick.

"I want Jimmy Walker in the Senate," the old man concluded, "an' if he wants to write songs in the Senate he can write 'em, an' you'll sing 'em."

So Jimmy was hoisted again.

IT was natural, in view of his Times Square associations, that the theater men should look to the new senator to lead their fight at Albany against the twin menaces of film censorship and Sunday closing; and, in view of his success in this fight, it was natural that they should turn to him not as a legislator but as a lawyer when they felt the necessity of training their guns on the men who furnished them with their pictures.

Walker's fight in behalf of the exhibitors, although a fight that was foredoomed to failure, impressed his opponents quite as much as it did his own associates. That has been true of most of Jimmy's fights. Evidently the

film manufacturers couldn't help liking him; for after the fight was over they seriously considered him for the movie overlordship which was finally awarded to Will Hays.

So much mystery has been thrown around Walker's extrapolitical activities that it is refreshing to find his connection with the motion-picture industry not only highly creditable to him but a matter of impartial written record. None the less it is difficult to construct a picture of Jimmy as a really high-grade man of law. His preparation for the profession had been, as we have seen, a desultory one, extending over about ten years. It had consisted largely of having law books read to him while he lay on his trim young back. His boast about never having read twelve books all the way through was made specifically to include school and law books.

BUT there are many kinds of lawyers in New York City: corporation lawyers, criminal lawyers, divorce lawyers, shyster lawyers, and Tammany lawyers. Walker was a Tammany lawyer. And as such he was reasonably sure of a good rich living.

It is not surprising to find the law firm of White & Case retaining Attorney Walker to appear for their clients, Swift & Co., the Chicago packers, in a little dispute the latter were having with the city Health Department over some "spoilt" meat. Previous efforts by a well known firm of attorneys had got nowhere. But the brave lad was not daunted. Jimmy may not have known the law, but he knew the Health Department, and he knew the judges.

"I'll win," he said, when asked about his fee, "for as much as you have paid to lose."

And he did. Soon he had practically all such cases—and there were plenty of them—not only for Swift but for other Chicago packers.

Not all these things happened while the world was at war, but they were typical of the battles in which Jimmy was engaged at that time. Their chief significance, so far as the development of the man's character is concerned, was that they *were* battles. Jimmy had not had many battles to fight in his early life.

It was during these first years of his public career, when he was in his early and middle thirties, that he learned the lessons of rough-and-tumble give-and-take that most boys learn in their early teens. But that he learned them thoroughly no one who has ever seen him in action on his feet could possibly doubt.

"A political butterfly," an observer once said of him. "But when there is a question at issue involving the weal of the clan, he fights like what he is—a clansman."

Fighting for the clan has always appealed strongly to Jimmy. The pity of it was that both he and the clan were fighting for such petty things—especially at a time in the world's history when there were such big things to fight for!

It is too bad, in a way, for Jimmy Walker's reputation as a patriot that he didn't go back to song-writing when we entered the war. George Cohan did; and, besides earning twenty-five thousand dollars for the Red Cross, he sounded the note on which America went forth to battle:

The drums tum-tumming ev'rywhere.

While Jimmy Walker was making friends in the Senate and making money in the law, four million young Americans were making ready to face death "over there." Eighty thousand of them died "over there." Nearly three hundred thousand were wounded "over there." At home, families were broken up, businesses were destroyed, fortunes were lost. Life was grim.

But *we* weren't. As a people, we have pulled more solemn faces since 1929 than we did in the four years of the war; and shaken more solemn heads. In 1917 we said our prayers too—but we said them with song:

Pack up your troubles in your own kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

Yes, the war was made to order for Jimmy Walker. Perhaps he couldn't have written *Over There* or *Pack Up Your Troubles*. But *Keep the Home Fires Burning* was in his best ballad style; and *The Long, Long Trail* was, as he would undoubtedly express it, right up his alley.

JIMMY the song-maker, Jimmy with the "poetic side" might have written something to help win the war! Yet he wrote nothing, and did nothing else, so far as the record shows, to "keep the home fires burning" or to "send the word over there."

Nothing is a harsh word; perhaps an unfair one. He may have bought Liberty Bonds and given to the Red Cross and the K. of C. He may have made speeches. Very likely he did all of these things. But the fact remains that he took no part in the greatest event of his lifetime—of anybody's lifetime—at all commensurate with his abilities or opportunities.

Jimmy must have known that the war was going on. Not even a person who confesses that he never reads anything and gets his information through his nose and ears could have missed the greatest cataclysm in history!

It hardly seems possible that Walker the phrase-maker shouldn't have made at least one phrase for his country. But—again on the record—he didn't. With that almost unbelievable imperviousness to anything outside of Times Square and the old Ninth Ward, Jimmy was content to stand on the side lines and watch the Big Parade go by.

It was a Big Parade, even if Jimmy wasn't in it—far bigger than the latter's beer parade of more recent memory!

At first we didn't think so much of it. We assumed something of Jimmy's own indifferent attitude. We



Mayor John F. Hylan—"Red Mike" to the uncouth—was Jimmy's predecessor.

U. & U. News photo

stuck up signs all along the line of march: "Business as usual." Even well informed newspapers underestimated the size of the demonstration. But New York was not long in learning. The sight of hundreds of thousands of uniformed men detraining at terminals and embarking at docks could not long be ignored. Jimmy Walker's Times Square was brown with khaki-clad doughboys; its dance floors were awl with gobs and their girls.

WAR or no war, the fight for a more equable distribution of wealth staggered on. Large incomes increased. So did small ones. Middle-sized incomes remained about the same. Expenses more than doubled. Families of profiteers had a swell time. So did families of laborers. Families of professional men didn't.

There were minor interests. John F. ("Red Mike") Hylan was elected Mayor of New York. William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson was reelected Mayor

of Chicago. Telephoning from a train was successfully tried in Canada. Henry Ford was talked of for President. Harold Bell Wright's books reached a circulation of seven millions. Galli-Curci repeated her Chicago triumphs in New York.

Rose Pastor Stokes was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment under the Espionage Act for making remarks said to be disloyal to the government. Elsie Janis became the most popular woman in France. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, refused to play *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Service flags appeared in the windows of soldiers' homes. German disappeared from the schools. Wheat sold for two dollars a bushel. President Wilson marched down Fifth Avenue at the head of seventy thousand Red Cross workers.

The Vigilantes, an organization of talented young patriots in which Jimmy Walker *might* have been a power, began the job of putting a much-needed steel into our war-mindedness. Gibson, Flagg, Benda, Christy, Neysa McMein, and many others, produced powerful posters of inestimable value to the giving and buying drives.



Women especially became war-conscious. They went to first-aid classes as regularly as if they were church sociables. They were indefatigable in taking military censuses. They sat in drafty hallways and fetid restaurants and collected membership dollars for the Red Cross. They risked their lives buttonholing traffic on innumerable tag days. They donned gray-green uniforms and overseas caps and drove fat, blowzy colonels to and fro. They served countless cups of coffee in canteens and danced with countless gobs in clubs.

Daylight saving came in. It was described as "getting up an hour earlier to beat the Kaiser." Baseball, Jimmy Walker's favorite sport, did its patriotic bit. Hank Gowdy was the first ball player to enlist as a private. Christy Mathewson and Ty Cobb went as commissioned officers. A good many prize fighters—Jimmy was already the prize ring's legislative white hope—turned shipbuilders. Vernon Castle, at the top of his dancing vogue—Jimmy had now become an accomplished dancer—gave up \$3,500 a week, flew two years with conspicuous success with the British Air Force, returned to America as an instructor, and was killed on a Texas flying field. Young John Purroy Mitchel, Jimmy's predecessor as "boy mayor" of New York, went to his death learning to fly an army plane.

Meanwhile, Senator James J. Walker, aged thirty-seven, was active in the wars of his own choosing. By the winter of 1918 he was engrossed in the fight to legalize Sunday baseball in New York City!

IF Jimmy Walker had looked beyond the applauding galleries of the Senate Chamber at Albany during those first years which followed the Great War he would have seen a world which he would undoubtedly have described as cockeyed.

Broadway was rejoicing in a reliving of the war in What Price Glory, the emergence of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in The Guardsman, Eva Le Gallienne's Liliom, Frank Bacon's unforgettable Lightnin', and Max Rinehart's The Miracle. Orchestras everywhere were playing Katinka and The Wooden Soldiers. Rudy Valentino was fresh from his triumph in The Four Horsemen.

As for religion, the name of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was edging its way toward the front page. Nobody liked to sit near the windows in European restaurants because of the faces of starving children pressed



A Big Parade memory of 1918. James Montgomery Flagg doing a portrait sketch of Elsie Ferguson as a Red Cross nurse. It was auctioned off to the spectators.

against the panes. Lady Astor went to the British Parliament. Pussyfoot Johnson took up his residence in Europe. There were loud calls for a more drastic enforcement of prohibition. Firms that used to advertise leg pads went into the business of hip-reducing. Everybody said the strong man in Italy was d'Annunzio!

Lieutenant Commander Read and others crossed to Europe in a seaplane. Harry Hawker made a heroic attempt to cross from Europe.

A man named Plumb had a plan for controlling the railroads. Everybody talked about it and nobody knew any more about it than we do now about the Einstein theory. In Seattle, Mayor Ole Hanson stood firm against a general strike. In Boston, Governor Calvin Coolidge settled a police strike, and said nothing.

THE American postwar female was engaged in an epochal struggle for youth. The clothes young women wore, or didn't wear, came in for special condemnation.

Dancing masters announced it took eighty hours of practice to make a Charlestoner. Those with less patience played mahjong. Or repeated:

Every day in every way
I am getting better and better.

Warren Gamaliel Harding was elected President of the United States. To some this meant normalcy. To others, nullity. The soldiers wanted a bonus and didn't get it. We all wanted disarmament, and although we had a disarmament conference at Washington, we didn't get that either. What we did get was Laddie Boy, an Airedale.

What Jimmy Walker was getting was publicity.

His years in the Assembly had not been so wasted as old Tom Foley had thought. For it was in those first days in Albany that he developed his wonderful flair for making friends. At least, it was here that his gift for friendship entered definitely into the pattern of his life.

His first, though not his closest, contact during his Assembly days was with the man who was destined to carry the heavy responsibility of making Jimmy the Mayor of New York. Years later, when some fulsome toastmaster introduced Walker as "the liveliest mayor that God ever made," a wise editorial writer commented:

"If we were keeping the score book, we would credit Al Smith with an assist."

Al's assistance began the very day Jimmy from Greenwich Village landed in Albany. Al, who had been in the legis-



Photo from Albert Davis Collection

A bevy of beauties in the Ziegfeld Follies just before the jazz age shortened skirts.

lature eight years, had worked his way up slowly from the Tub, where modest young assemblymen usually lived, to the Ten Eyck, Albany's leading hotel—to which the elegant Jimmy immediately repaired. The two men had met only once before, when, as Al records in his autobiography, "Jimmy was a little bit young for that party and was sent to bed early." But it so happened that their hotel rooms were now next to each other and possessed a connecting door. There is no doubt that the association thus formed was of inestimable value to Jimmy.

It would be difficult to find two men who were less alike. "Jimmy was boyish, witty, elegant, fond of a good time," said one who knew them well at this time, "and Al was manly, serious, unconcerned about his personal appearance." "If Al Smith comes from the sidewalks of New York," added another, "Jimmy Walker comes from the dance floors."

In no particular were they so different as in the matter of clothes. Al had two suits: the one he had on and the other one. Jimmy, even then, had a wardrobe. One of his favorite pleasantries was to go into Al's room when the latter wasn't there, call up the valet, and hand him a half dozen of his own suits to be pressed. The bill would, of course, be charged to Al's account.

Smith's homeliness had been the secret of his legislative popularity. "He knew how to get around the up-staters," one Albany observer commented. "He could talk their language. He was as plain as an old shoe—to use a country phrase. He didn't affront anybody's eyes with pinch-back coats and showy waistcoats and razor-edged trouser creases and spats and a cane. He didn't sparkle with epigrams.

"He was not typical of fashionable New York; he was typical of the poor boy who made himself great."

The inference is plain in the general comment of the day: Al was the type to succeed in Albany; Jimmy wasn't. But Jimmy fooled them. When it was found that the way he talked was just as amusing as the way he dressed, the solemn-faced Solons on both sides of the chamber took him to their collective bosom.

Jimmy did not betray their trust. He amused them continuously. Even when he hurt them he heartened them. Someone said of him at this time that "he never made an enemy in Albany or lost a friend." It was true.

Years later cynical folk smiled broadly when he hitched his private car—or rather his friend Alfred Cleveland Blumenthal's private car—on to an Indiana local and traveled ninety miles out of his way to shake the hand of Knute Rockne's widow.

"Knute was my friend," he told the widow.

PUBLICITY—that's what they said—and publicity it couldn't help being. But it was a graceful and characteristic gesture for all that; and a sincere one. Even the critics of his later and more troubled years have admitted Jimmy's genuine gift for friendship. Al Smith was governor. His was the creating and initiating mind; Jimmy's job was but to crack the whip. But since Al's bills were part of a program which both parties admit was admirably progressive and constructive, and since Jimmy's cracking of the whip was eminently successful, there should be enough credit to go around.

These years at Albany were, as Jimmy himself has so often said, the happiest of his life. There is reason to believe that they were the most useful. Certainly he never earned during his tenure of the mayoralty any

such encomiums from the friends of good government as he received during these years from that ancient foe of Tammany Hall, the Citizens Union. Every year the Union gets out a bulletin separating the sheep from the goats among New York City's representatives at Albany. Here are two typical reports on Jimmy:

A majority leader of unusual ability and adroitness. With only one vote to spare [The Senate stood: Democrats, twenty-six; Republicans, twenty-five.] he succeeded very well with a difficult job. Although better fitted histrionically and temperamentally for minority leadership, he performed many real public services in handling difficult measures well.

And:

He made a good record of votes and deserves credit for frequent personal descent on bad bills and short roll calls. Continued to contribute services of a useful character.

NOT so bad for the little Greenwich Village boy!—And not undeserved!

Al Smith himself in 1929, after he and Jimmy had reached the parting of their ways, said, "Mayor Walker had a long and creditable record at Albany. He sponsored personally many of the reforms suggested by me."

That his best remembered speeches during this period were humorous rather than controversial does not mean that they weren't effective. "Militancy he has of a sort," the North American Review once said of him, "but he hides it behind a mask. He would rather floor an opponent with a 'wise crack' than overwhelm him with a convincing argument."

Jimmy Walker made friends of the very persons he attacked. Up-

state legislators on both sides of the House made great personal sacrifices to support Jimmy's pet measures—especially the anti-Sabbath and anti-censorship bills—which were anathema to their own churchly electorates.

The faithfulness with which his own slender majority stuck in their seats during long night sessions when the bright lights were beckoning was another tribute to the grip he had on their loyalty. And he combined this flair for inspiring friendship with an adroitness and resourcefulness in marshaling his forces which was a source of continuing wonderment and annoyance to his bewildered opponents.

"If he were to introduce a bill," the Republican leader, Elon R. Brown, said on the floor of the Senate, "to take these beautiful Italian pillars to Tammany Hall, he would find enough votes to pass it."

As in the case of his work for the movie-theater men, it is refreshing to find Jimmy doing a really good job as leader of his party in the state Senate. God knows there was little enough of serious accomplishment in the early life of this strange young man! But it shouldn't be thought for a moment that the really constructive work he did in support of Governor Smith's program had anything important to do with his subsequent political success.

How State Senator Jimmy, at Albany, packed the galleries by his scintillant debating—and gained the newspaper publicity that helped make him Mayor of New York; how he came to be nominated and elected mayor, in succession to "Red Mike" Hylan; and what he was like during the jazzful, "honeymoon" stage of his tenure of the office—all this will appear in next week's installment of Laugh, Town, Laugh!



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 44.

HAPPY DAYS

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL



WHAT IS INTELLIGENT BUYING?—HOUSE CLEANING AT THE WHITE HOUSE—WOMEN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD, AND AN HISTORICAL RECIPE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 26 seconds.)

"INTELLIGENT buying" means what? It was a subject I hadn't given much thought to when I recently listened in on a conversation dealing with it between a man and a woman.

The talk involved the minimum-wage agreement recently reached by retail stores, and the pay and hours decided upon were criticized at first as being unreasonable. Then the woman of the conversation, strangely enough, said, "Perhaps if women weren't such wasteful shoppers, the overhead in stores could be reduced, and then higher wages would be possible."

I interrupted at this point and asked for an explanation. Here it is: Many women order merchandise C. O. D. and then aren't at home to receive it, necessitating two deliveries. Others choose articles without knowing whether they're really needed or wanted, and return them later, perhaps a little soiled. Deliveries of very small items which could be carried in a purse or pocket are demanded, and there is a real loss to the store where they are purchased. Modern methods of storemanship have accustomed us to really luxurious service which we enjoy, and which I think is all right as long as we do our parts and don't take advantage of frequent deliveries, privilege of making returns, and the other impositions described. By helping a store to operate as economically as possible with thoughtful shopping, we can reduce the overhead, and actually help thereby to raise the wage scales.



The White House Red Room.

IT was flabbergasting to me one day when Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt said that she was planning house cleaning at the White House. I thought of the many large rooms and envisaged an army of white-capped and aproned figures with feather dusters over their shoulders. Then Mrs. Nesbitt went on to explain that the hardest task was making an inventory of all the furniture and furnishings in the entire House. There are literally hundreds of beautiful vases, books, pieces of furniture, rugs, pieces of silverware, china, and linens which have been presented to the White House by former occupants and dignitaries from many foreign nations.

Actually, I learned, the cleaning itself was not as formidable a task as might have been supposed, as every room is thoroughly cleaned daily and all the most efficient mechanical devices for cleaning are used. The crowning touch, according to Mrs. Nesbitt's description, was that she had almost forgotten to have Bold Leo, the leopard-skin who in winter lies in front of the fireplace in my father's study with an evil toothy grin, rolled up and put to sleep in moth balls for the summer!

ONE does get asked such amazing questions! I wonder if you would be as much at a loss as I was when I found myself, the other day, the guest of a ladies' discussion club, asked the following question: "Mrs. Dall, we have heard a great deal since the World War about the equality in all things of men and women. What do you think about it?" I gulped, I'm afraid rather audibly, three or four times, then mustered a few thoughts as best I could, as follows:

There seem to be two extreme camps of thought. One side maintains that women can equal and perhaps excel

men in any field of activity, while the other extreme thinks that men surpass women even in the domestic realms of cookery and dress designing, to take only two isolated examples.

I feel that in this question, as all others, there is a temperate opinion. It seems to me that every girl leaving school or college should realize that she has very definite feminine contributions which she can make to this world. She will probably want to be a home maker and to have children. But there are many other activities besides for which women seem to have more natural adaptability than men. For instance, social service work, with children as well as adults, where a woman's sympathy, understanding, and patience are most needed.

I believe that women have a perfect right to educate themselves to enter any field, even architecture, engineering, banking, law, and surgery. Perhaps they will be wise to realize that they may have an uphill fight to attain recognition and success in these occupations which men have dominated, and that their financial return may be less for the same work. Of course it doesn't seem fair to me that women should be paid less for equal work, and this is something for which many women's organizations are struggling now.

Also, women who have achieved success can influence public opinion to overcome inherited prejudices and consequently help the younger women to obtain executive positions which they have earned.

HERE is a White House recipe which has historical human interest. I am told that it was one of Andrew Jackson's favorites and that he was first served this dish on a visit in New Orleans.

GUMBO Z'HERBES (NEW ORLEANS)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 handful spinach | ½ bunch parsley |
| 1 handful dandelion greens or half the tops of a bunch of turnips or half the tops of a bunch of beets | 1 bunch new onions (tops and bottoms) |
| ½ bunch of water cress | A few top leaves of celery |
| 1 pod red pepper | Outer leaves green cabbage |
| ½ teaspoon thyme | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 1 tablespoon bacon drippings | Any part of the carcass of cold fowl or game |
| 1 tablespoon file powder | Salt |
| | 2 quarts cold water |

Wash and chop coarsely the spinach, dandelion, water cress, turnip and beet greens, parsley, green onion tops, celery, and green cabbage, and put them in a pot with two quarts of cold water and a turkey wing or the carcass of a guinea fowl or what is left of day-before-yesterday's chicken. Boil gently for 1 hour, strain off the liquor and set it aside to be used later. Heat the bacon grease in a frying pan and add to it the sliced onions. Just before the onions begin to color add the greens from which the water has been strained. Fry all together for 3 minutes. Sift in 1 tablespoon flour, and when thoroughly mixed add to the greens liquor. Add seasonings. Cook all together for 1 hour. Stir in the remaining tablespoon flour mixed with a little cold water; let boil again. Remove whatever meat you have used and stir in 1 tablespoon file powder. Serve with a bowl of rice.

In this recipe it doesn't matter how much of these greens you use, or which you leave out. The red pepper must be there and the thyme and onion tops, but for every green I have mentioned another can be substituted.



POSSIBLY—BUT DOES PATRIOTISM NEED QUOTATION MARKS?

NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, N. Y.—When I first became acquainted with Liberty, I read at the top of the editorial page the inspiring words of Decatur: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." When I read that, I wondered if the magazine was as American as the heading proclaimed.

After reading several issues, I decided that it was and subscribed for it for two years, which subscription has not yet expired.

Recently the words of the closing sentence of Lincoln's address at Gettysburg were substituted for the words of the immortal Decatur.

Both quotations were inspiring and patriotic, and instilled pride of country. In these days when pride of country is so much needed, with organized propaganda endeavoring to create an opposite feeling, it seems to me that Liberty should reinsert some patriotic quotation at the head of its editorial page.—*G. M. Kincade, Colonel, U. S. Marines.*

FOR MR. TAYLOR

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—You can believe me when I say that I will buy Liberty every week for ten years, just in hopes of finding another story one tenth as good as Eight o'Clock Call, by Matt Taylor.—*Steve Fisher.*

ARE YOU GOOD!

ZELLWOOD, FLA.—I see some of the Vox Poppers think your cross word puzzles are difficult. I do not find them so. I have just worked one out, using a fountain pen, without consulting a dictionary or having to make a single correction.—*H. R. Whitcomb.*

AW, THAT'S NOTHING

PASADENA, CALIF.—Rob Wagner: I've got him figured out! He's a mind reader or crystal gazer or what have you.

Out here we have Movie Previews or what is called Trying it on the Dog. In other words, before a film is released it is shown in a suburban house to see if it clicks.

Some time ago I saw the preview of Silver Dollar, and later in the evening, on my way home, I stopped at

the corner drug store for my Liberty. Lo and behold, Rob Wagner told me all about Silver Dollar! This on the same evening when it had its first showing and before it was released.

Rob Wagner had the description correctly.—*Plain Old Walt.*

SIDELIGHT ON THE GENTLE ART OF TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY

U. S. S. HATFIELD (231), SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I have a complaint to make. I have been in the habit of buying Liberty for the fiction stories. Now I am wondering if I am buying the magazine more because of habit, or merely hoping that by continuing I will find one that contains something besides life histories and what someone thinks about the political situation. How about some more fiction stories and less dry matter?—*E. F. Thompson.*

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—I never read fiction stories of any kind, but always find several or more articles of general interest in Liberty to make it well worth the price you charge for it.—*William Wilkoski.*

THE STORY OF ELMIRA WILL BE THE STORY OF MANY CITIES, WE HOPE

PUEBLO, COLO.—I want to thank you for the article Faith, The Story of Elmira, by Edward Doherty. It is faith that the country needs. And those of us who have been out of work for so long, who have nothing left to spend, need a great deal of faith, too. It takes courage to hold on and keep waiting when the wheels turn so slowly.

I believe good times are coming. I have never for a moment thought anything else. The revival of business does give us courage. But how we are going to hold on until jobs do come back is a very serious problem. I do not know the answer unless it is through faith and prayer to God.

Please understand I am not writing this for the sake of publicity. I simply felt like writing it.—*Ethel L.*

WELL, HERE'S LUCK!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Why not use the heading Dark Mysteries instead of Twenty Questions for that department? Usually when I have finished reading the questions and answered one, I feel quite elated.

You know, those questions remind me of the old school where teachers competed to see which one could make the most difficult questions so as to catch the children. instead of using good, sensible questions whereby the children might profit.

However, if I can unearth an antique history or two, I can possibly answer two or three questions in the near future.—*D. Tolbind.*

MAYBE WE COULD LEARN

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—All the reasons Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler quoted as to why the prohibition amendment should be repealed were convincing.

But he forgot one point in his article in a recent issue of Liberty.

As we North Carolinians see it, under the present law we have to drink actual poison if we want a stimulant.

After a few shots of this mountain dew one gets so het up that sitting on a hot stove you would give said stove a cold! Yes, sah, you Yankees don't know what shine and lightning is as dished up in this mountainous country.—*W. Fordham Morgan.*

CASANOVA, the MONK



Drawn by ELWIN HENRI

"ANOTHER HALF BUCK AND I'LL MEET YOU AT THE RITZ"



SUGGESTING ASBESTOS IS USUALLY CONSIDERED FUNNIER IN VOX POP

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Just a few lines to tell you that I have been a constant reader of *Liberty* and enjoy it very much. In fact I can hardly wait until it gets on the news stands and when I get *Liberty* I can't do another thing until I finish reading it.

Consequently, by the time I finish reading and get ready to take my shower I find that while I have been absorbed in your most interesting stories the other members of the household have used up all the hot water. To remedy the situation I suggest that you print *Liberty* on oilcloth, so that I can read while taking my shower, thus eliminating the chances of getting gypped out of my hot bath.—*Jack Gene*.

YOU PAYS—

ANTIOCH, CALIF.—*Liberty* frequently contains articles of merit, but why do you print such stuff as *Viña Delmar's* *Pretty Sadie McKee*?—*H. D. Roper*.

—YOUR MONEY—

DENVER, COLO.—*Viña Delmar*, in my opinion, is your best contributor. Too bad every issue can't carry one of her stories.—*Lita Underwood*.

—AND YOU TAKES—

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.—I have been reading *Liberty* since it was first published and have always enjoyed it, but your story by *Viña Delmar* is just about as dumb as I ever read.—*T. E. Noland*.

—YOUR CHOICE

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—It's a good thing *Liberty* is a weekly magazine. It's bad enough to have to hold your breath a week when you're following one of those swell stories such as *Pretty Sadie McKee*—but Lord! a month. The mere thought makes me shudder. I, for one, think *Liberty's* stories can take the prize any old day.—*Bobbie Neutz*.

SLIGHTLY COMPLICATED STATE OF MIND IN SEATTLE, WASH

SEATTLE, WASH.—I buy *Liberty* each week to read the short short story and end up by reading every darn serial that you run.

But I'm here to tell you that it would have to be a blame good serial to cause me to buy *Liberty* if I knew there wasn't going to be a short short.—*John McNamara*.

WASHINGTON PLEASE NOTE

NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C.—The article in your August 5 issue, *The U. S. Is Prepared for Anything*, is typical of adolescent American braggadocio. So, when the next war comes, all you Yanks got to do is have some stenographers in

Washington dig into musty files and pull out plans of defense formulated in 1920, and the Japs, Huns, or British haven't a chance!

And, in your sublime American innocence, you credit American capitalists with sacrificing war profits—turning same over, if any, to bereaved relatives. Vide 1917-18.

I am not of British descent, but I maintain that your amalgamation with the British Empire and consolidating with the British navy is your only hope for future security.—*A. J. Calli*.

THANK YOU, SIR!

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.—I have greatly enjoyed the articles I have read in *Liberty*. I feel that at the present time, when so many of our trends are being crossed, great responsibility rests upon editorial staffs in picking out of the great mass of material that which is most pertinent to the needs of their readers. It is no longer safe to generalize. One family may be enjoying its usual prosperity and the next-door neighbors may be starving in an attempt to keep off the welfare rolls.

In your efforts to keep the people informed I wish you continued success.—*Ralph I. Coryell*.

HE HASN'T COMPLAINED

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We are killing our President! In other words, working him to death. Demanding he tackle a hundred and one difficult jobs at once and keeping him on the go night and day. Insisting that he do more in a few months than his predecessors did in years. Even begrudging him time to enjoy his meals. He has to snatch a bite or two from a tray.

Now there is a limit to human endurance and no one is more human than our miracle man. I suggest that in future we allow him what rest and recreation nature demands.—*Thomas A. Sharpe*.

CONSENSUS FROM CANADA

QUEBEC, QUE.—I read your magazine every week and like its stories. Every Wednesday seems to be a little holiday for me.—*G. Blair*.

MONTREAL, QUE.—Just wanted to remind you guys what a bum magazine you have. If you don't put this in *Vox Pop* you'll prove what I say is right.—*Cecil S. Colvey*.

A KIND WORD AT LAST!

SANTA FE, N. M.—I am inclined to disagree with some of your protesting *Vox Poppers*. I think the table of contents is O. K. right where it is, as it is handy in looking up articles by authors who have been razed or praised.—*J. R. Carroll*.

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*Faster roared the engine,
the track darting beneath
the pony truck and leap-
ing behind the tender.*

Boles Sets a *Red Board*

(Reading time: 27 minutes 7 seconds.)

ED BOLES, superintendent and dictator extraordinary of the Mountain Division of the T. C. & W., pushed his hat to a still more impossible angle on the back of his head and read the letter again. And as he read, the business end of his torpedolike cigar tilted farther and farther upward.

A damning letter calculated to bring untold misery to a man and girl. But a just letter, a reasonable, sane plea from the one source Boles could not honorably ignore.

The super continued reading even after a clerk had announced, "Ann Smith's here, sir." Ann could wait a moment, because it was her destiny he was deciding. Eventually he laid down the typewritten sheet and heaved a sigh proportionate to his elephantine bulk. Going to the door, he opened it for Ann Smith.

Ann said, "Good morning, Uncle Ed," and sat down

by the desk, eagerness in her eyes as she watched the super deposit himself in his swivel chair.

Boles inspected her through his cigar smoke. He had held her on his knee when she was a baby, he had ridden her piggyback when she was a child. He had played father to her ever since old Morrow Smith, at the throttle of an extra, had swapped his life for the lives of his passengers. Yet now Boles was about to deal her a blow that to her would seem unforgivable.

Sitting there in his dingy bare office and realizing Ann Smith had grown up, he looked at her for the first time from the viewpoint of that other man mentioned so often in the letter.

Ann wasn't dressed in the height of fashion. Styles, like spring, came tardily to Butte City. But the delicacy of her face, the way her soft brown hair swept low over her forehead, made you forget about styles. In her

A Romance of the Rails and a Race with Death on an Uphill Road to Love

By

EUGENE
JONES

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER

brown eyes was the eagerness of youth and the quiz-zical light of humor, and on her lips the promise of a smile even when it wasn't there. Hurting Ann was going to be one of Boles's hardest jobs in thirty-four years of railroading.

He took out his cigar, examining its end as if inspiration might lurk there.

"Ann," said he gruffly, "I guess you know why I sent for you."

It was typical of her that she admitted at once, "It's about Bob. I knew you wouldn't let him go."

"Then you know more'n I do, young woman. Look here. You were reared in a cab, so to speak. When orders come through to 'cut the board' what happens? Why, those at the bottom—like Bob Tilden—hunt another job. And a super might as well keep his mouth shut."

"But you never do, Uncle Ed."

"I—what? Well, I *can*, Ann Smith."

She leaned forward swiftly, slender sun-tanned fingers closing on his huge flabby hand on the desk. "Then do it now, Uncle Ed, while I tell you a secret. I love Bob. He—he wants me to marry him."

"Going to?"

She looked off over his shoulder and out across the yards toward some unseen stretch of right-of-way where young Tilden was firing an engine.

"Yes, Uncle Ed—unless Bob loses his job."

"Bob will"—gruffly. "We're dropping a hundred men and he's in the first fifty."

"The seniority rule? But," she continued eagerly, "you can find *some* place for him where the Brotherhood hasn't any authority. You'd do that for the man I'm going to marry, wouldn't you, Uncle Ed?"

"The man you're not going to marry. I got the board set against him so far's you're concerned, Ann."

Boles saw the color go out of Ann's face, the light out of her eyes. She had never considered disobeying Boles any more than an engineer considers disobeying a horizontal board.

She could not question his love for her, nor his wisdom. She did not question now the motive behind his words that had pulled her castle about her ears.

"YOU mean," she managed in a small voice, "there's something I don't know about?"

"Yes, Ann." The super leaned forward. "Who do you think Bob Tilden is?"

"Why—why, he's Bob Tilden and his family live in Boston and his father's something or other on an Eastern railroad."

"He's the son of Josh Tilden, young woman—the biggest railroad man in America."

Ann sat still as stone. "Oh," she said eventually. "He—he didn't tell me."

"Sure he didn't. Not that kind, if I size him up right."

"But, Uncle Ed, what's that to do with the fact we care for each other?"

Boles chose his words carefully: "Josh Tilden gave me my first chance when I started railroading. I know all about Josh Tilden. A big man when it comes to railroads. He married an engineer's daughter, Ann."

"Then Bob's mother—"

"No; Josh didn't live with his first wife very long.

Out there in what they call the Back Bay district family counts. Poor woman, she found that out! His second wife couldn't hold a candle to her, but her ancestors had come over on one of the Mayflowers—which satisfied Josh and the people Josh went with."

"Are you telling me, Uncle Ed, I'm not good enough for Bob?"

"I'm telling you, young woman, it would take a mighty big spasm of this earth to mix Back Bay and the Rockies. Josh Tilden tried it—or something like it—and failed. He's asked me to keep his son from making the same mistake, and for your sake I will."

"For my sake?"

BOLES nodded, repeating savagely: "That's what I said—for your sake! Think I'm going to see my girl sneered at and snubbed and made miserable? Think I'm going to sit by and watch Bob Tilden wake up after he's made a hash of your life?"

"Please, Uncle Ed, don't make the mistake of saying that about him."

"I'm not running down Bob Tilden by saying he'll wake up. He's human. He'll run the same track his father did; Back Bay'll see to that. If you were older and loved him enough, and old Josh told the boy to go ahead, why, I guess I'd keep hands off. As it is—well, you trust me and wait for the right man to come along."

"He has," said Ann with conviction. "Besides, we're not going to live East."

"No?" Boles fixed his eyes on her sternly through his everlasting cigar smoke. "You bet you'd live East! Listen: A few months ago Bob Tilden told his father to go to the devil and walked out of a good job on the old man's road. He thought—and still thinks—everything's over between 'em. He's too young to realize blood's thicker than that. Why, Ann, Josh Tilden knew the very day Bob started firing for us, and was as tickled as a kid—wrote me all about it. Sooner or later Bob'll go back to hold down a president's chair. If you don't marry him."

"And if I do?"

"It'll cost you your happiness and Bob fifty million dollars."

"You mean his father will disinherit him?"

"Yep. Told me so in that letter. He's no bluffer, either."

"I don't care if it's a hundred million!" she flared.

"Neither do I," Boles assured her patiently. "It's you I'm thinking of. Bob was born to a certain place in this world, and he won't be satisfied anywhere else. His father proved that. Too bad you can't talk to the first woman Josh married—but she's

dead. Died young, too. I guess she sort of figured it wasn't much fun living without Josh."

"But—but, Uncle Ed, Bob loves me, I tell you! He wouldn't treat me like that. And I don't see, if we're satisfied to try on a fireman's salary—"

"Nothing doing," said Boles firmly. "The red board's up. You know me, Ann; I go the whole hog. If you marry Bob Tilden he won't have even a fireman's salary from the T. C. & W."

Ann raised her eyes, and their expression made the super look away.

"Suppose I don't marry him?"



"In that case I'll put him on as some sort of official—haven't made up my mind what, but it'll be a good job. And after a year or so his father will send for him, just as I told you. By that time you'll be wondering how you ever could have cared for him."

Ann made a gesture. "Just a minute, Uncle Ed. Let's leave out my feelings; they—they've been pretty thoroughly left out all along. As I understand it, Bob will lose his job with you if I marry him. His family's money doesn't make so much difference."

"Yes, Ann. And believe me, he'd have a tough time landing another, with the Tilden influence against him. Once Josh Tilden takes the warpath, he fights."

Ann thought it over, head bent under its crown of soft brown hair. Bob's future against hers! How selfishly did she love him? Deep in her heart she knew there could be but one answer, had never been but one. Ann looked up, her capable little hands tightly clenched, her small chin very high, and her eyes—well, fortunately Bob wasn't there to see them.

"All right, Uncle Ed, I—I give him up. I promise. I hope with all m-my heart he'll be happy."

Boles opened his arms, stepped forward, but merely grasped a great void of cigar smoke. Ann Smith was on her way out of the room, walking quickly, her back very straight. Hurrying along the hall past the dispatcher's office, where batteries of telegraph instruments clattered like hail on a plate-glass roof, she descended to the station proper. Engineers and conductors on their way for orders greeted her; porters touched their caps to her. Because everybody, from section hands to superintendents, knew Ann Smith.

A railroad girl was Ann, born within sight of a round-house, raised beside a right-of-way, and more familiar with a ten-wheel mountain hog than a doll carriage. She had ridden on the engineer's seat behind her father almost before she had walked, had been taught the use of throttle, air, and sand, and the meaning of the semaphore system. Indeed, Ann had learned to read a board long before she had learned to read a book. Amazing that such training had not detracted from the femininity of her.

Now, crossing the platform, she avoided the host of persons who would have spoken to her and hurried over to where an old T-model Ford was parked.

It took her ten minutes to reach home, a small ranch the windows of which gleamed in the reflected light of the setting sun. Her aunt was in the kitchen, and Ann hurried upstairs to bolt her door and sit down by the window, dry-eyed, tight-lipped, Bob's photograph propped opposite her on the bureau.

THAT night Bob Tilden, in from his run, arrived as usual, a grinning young giant. Ann couldn't bring herself to meet his eyes when he came in, but she watched him afterward, covertly, with yearning.

Having seen several newspaper pictures of Tilden senior, she now recognized in Bob the square, obstinate Tilden jaw. Sitting there waiting for the moment when they might casually—oh, so casually—decide to climb to the rise back of the house to watch the moon come up, she realized how much she loved him, how much she would always love him. He would never know—must never know—the truth. She would try to forgive Uncle Ed. Try to understand that hard-boiled viewpoint of his.

Ann was very silent as they went up the twisting path.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" asked Bob, putting his arm around her and trying with the awkwardness of a young bear to draw her close.

"N-nothing, Bob, nothing."

"I've been thinking of you all day," he went on cheerfully. "Lord, it's been a long day!"

She wanted to say, "Oh, my dear, not so long as the days that will come for me"; but she merely slipped her arm through his.

"Say," he demanded suddenly, "that business of 'cutting the board' worrying you? If it is, quit. I'll bet Boles is the sort of scout that'll give me a whack at something else."

"Yes," she whispered, "he will."

"How do you know?"—inconsistently and eagerly.

"Because, Bob, you've got a good record even if it's short. Besides, you're a Tilden."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I know all about it," she hurried on—"who you really are and that you come from B-back Bay, and your father's Josh Tilden, the railroad president."

"Who the deuce told you? Never mind; it had to come out sooner or later. Not angry, are you, dear? You see, I—well, I wanted you to like me sort of for myself."

"No, I'm not angry, Bob."

"So long as Boles doesn't suspect, it will be all right. Living on my father's name is the one thing I won't do."

She shivered a little, drawing away so that he wouldn't notice. "Uncle Ed'll be satisfied with your record, I'm sure."

"Then, darling, we'll get married and rent one of those dinky cottages over on the hill; and I'll come home every evening swinging a dinner pail, and you'll be waiting at the gate—if we have a gate."

They were at the top of the rise. Far off beyond Butte City the edge of the moon was silvering the parapet of the foothills. It was very still and lonely—heavenly lonely!

ANN didn't mean it—it was the one thing above all others she had determined not to do—but she went into his arms as naturally as girls have always gone into the arms of men they loved since the time of Eve. Burying her head against the vast expanse of him, she felt his lips on her hair. Then he kissed her, not on her hair, swiftly again and again.

They stood there clinging together while time passed—eons of it. And Ann made no motion to draw away. This was the stuff of which she would have to build her memories, keep forever locked in her heart.

"Please," she said faintly, "Bob, I've something to tell you."

"All right, sweetheart."

"No, let me go; I can't tell you—like this."

He obeyed with a last tremendous hug, and stood off, grinning, triumphant—oh, so sure of himself and the girl he loved.

"Sit down here beside me, Bob."

They sat on the broad flat outcropping of bed rock.

"Bob," she said gently, "I—I couldn't tell you, but that was a—a good-by kiss."

He merely looked at her, and she hurried on:

"I'm not going to marry you, Bob."

"Not—going—to—marry me!" His voice was flat, unemotional, as if her words had roused no spark of understanding.

"No, Bob. I don't want to."

He caught her hands then, staring at her, unbelieving.

"Ann honey, what on earth—"

"Please! If you c-care for me you won't make things harder."

"You mean you don't love me? Look at me, Ann!"

She hesitated a long time. The truth wouldn't do. He wouldn't accept it, millions or no millions.

"No," whispered Ann; "I don't love you, Bob. L-let go my hands."

He obeyed mechanically. "I guess I'm pretty dense. When you kissed me, when we were talking about that cottage— Oh, Ann!"

Ann got up, standing there looking down at him, such a pitiful little actress attempting an impossible rôle. But, manlike, he couldn't guess that. He would depend on her words—which was what she counted on.

"You're telling me," he said monotonously, "that you really don't—care? You've been just playing round?"

"Just playing round, Bob."

He sprang up then. "You're lying! Only a minute ago—"

"You'll have to believe me, Bob."

"I won't!" He put out his strong, capable arms. But she pushed him away—surrender in that very gesture, if he had only known it.

"I won't marry you, Bob. I—I don't want you to touch me ever again."

That hit him between the eyes. She saw the smile



she feared, grim, steely, cold as the main-line rails on a winter's morning.

"Just playing round with a fireman, eh? All right, Ann. I guess us tenderfeet from the East have a lot to learn. That's a hot one on me!"

"And on me too," she said under her breath.

At the ranch door she turned. "Bob, I want you to make a success. You'll take whatever job Uncle Ed offers—for me?"

He laughed. "Oh, yes, of course—for you. I suppose this is your regular way of helping promising young chaps over the tough places."

"Don't!"—burying her face in her hands.

"Well, what do you want me to say?"

She looked at him, tears in her eyes, head thrown back with that little gesture he had learned to love.

"I want you to say, Bob Tilden, that you will go on caring—always."

Then she was gone, and the door closed softly. Closed on her hopes, her prayers, her chance for everlasting happiness. Up in her room Ann knelt by the window, watching that slow-moving form walk down the path.

"Please, God," she whispered, "take care of him and m-make him love me. I couldn't do anything else, God, could I?"

THE Mountain Division of the T. C. & W. had been laid out by a heartless engineer—heartless so far as the operating department was concerned. For example, consider the Big Grade. There the main line, after crossing the divide at a dizzy altitude, wound down into Butte Valley at the outrageous angle of four per cent. Not a place for a safety switch; miles and miles without towers or train-order boards. At the bottom mountain-type engines waited day and night to boost and pull passenger and freight trains to the top, which necessitated endless work and worry for the dispatchers. The engines had to be got back someway without interfering with the operation of heavy tonnage over the single track.

*"Nothing doing," said Boles.
"If you marry Bob he won't
have even a fireman's salary."*

Divisional headquarters feared the Big Grade, cursed it, prayed for the day when the board of directors would order the climb cut in half. Other

roads had done it, spent millions to reduce such hazards. But Boles had stormed and railed all to no advantage. The Big Grade was apparently there to stay, despite the mute evidence of box-car wreckage littering the bottom.

One morning two days after Ann had watched Bob Tilden drive off from her home she learned that the "board had been cut" and the new régime would go in effect on the morrow. She also learned that Bob had been taken care of. Boles always kept his promises. Young Tilden would no longer continue as fireman, because of the Brotherhood regulations as to seniority; but the super had appointed him traveling engineer, an official job at a good salary. Nor had Boles exhibited undue favoritism in so doing. Bob had been a successful traveling engineer on his father's road.

So this same morning marked Bob Tilden's last run between Butte City and Brownville across the mountain. Ann hadn't seen him in the interval, would of course avoid a meeting at any cost. Which was probably why she set her Ford to the task of climbing the highway that wound to the top of the Big Grade. He need not see that car parked behind the little station of Snowline. It would do no harm for her to sit in it, unobserved, while passenger train number seventy-nine stopped there after negotiating the ascent.

She arrived in plenty of time. There lay the water tower and tiny depot with its train-order board. A long freight, waiting for clearance to go down, stood on one siding, while on the other was a string of box cars, destination dependent on delayed orders. Ann parked her Ford where it was hidden from the main line and walked over to the platform. Jim Hawkins, operator, was at his key. Engineer and fireman of the freight had gone back some half mile to work on something wrong at the rear end; she could see their figures dwarfed by

distance. Nobody was about except Hawkins and a brakeman lounging against the depot wall, smoking a cigarette.

The station clock told Ann seventy-nine was just about passing the last tower at the bottom of the grade. That would bring her into Snowline at twelve three—on time. It was going to hurt to see Bob again even in the distance—but oh, how Ann wanted that hurt! She walked over and said casually:

"Hello, Jim."

The operator, looking up, grinned.

"Howdy, Miss Ann. What you doin' here?"

"Just out for a ride, Jim."

"Sure you ain't waitin' for nobody, say on seventy-nine?"

"No, I'm not!" with unnecessary emphasis. But Hawkins kept right on grinning.

"What's the matter with that freight over there?" she asked to change the subject.

"Brake-riggin' trouble on the caboose. Hell of a place, ain't it? Dispatcher'll be cussin' the rest of the day, with three extras waitin' to git through and that feller blockin' the longest sidin' this side of Brownville. But it ain't what it used to be. I mind the time—" His voice trailed off; his eyes followed Ann's gaze. What the devil!

Those box cars on the second siding—they were moving. Moving, mind you, toward the main-line switch and the Big Grade. Moving when they should have been securely blocked in addition to set brakes.

The operator went out of the office on a dead run, and across the two tracks, looking vainly for a cross-tie, anything to thrust in their path. Not so much as a stick rewarded him. Not so far away waited the switch itself, of the new spring type that would let a train through even though it were thrown against the siding; while somewhere below, laboriously climbing upward, was passenger train number seventy-nine.

Faster rolled the cars, their rumble now audible.

"God a'mighty!" yelled Hawkins, "they're goin' on to the grade," and tore back to the depot.

LONG before the cars struck the switch his key was stuttering: "BU," "BU," over and over frantically. That was the call of the last tower at the bottom. Maybe seventy-nine hadn't passed. Ann, watching him, waited, white as the clouds over Snow Mountain. The brakeman stood at her elbow.

The key clattered an answer. Hawkins looked up.

"She's by," he said—"two minutes ago."

The cars were rolling now, drawheads clattering. Perhaps they wouldn't make the switch. If there was a Providence, one of them would jump, pile up, dragging the others to a stop. The first truck trembled as it struck the frogs—but kept the rails.

Next moment every car had passed, gained the main line. Ten, fifteen, twenty miles an hour, Ann gauged their speed. In a mile they would be doing forty, and in five—A little whirlwind of dust and cinders was building up behind them; they were growing small in the distance.

"Do something," said Ann under her breath. "Do something, Jim!"

Hawkins slumped back, his face suddenly grown old. "Ain't nothin'—nothin' in God's world to do. Seventy-nine's passed, I tell yer. Passed! Comin' up the grade—and *that* goin' down."

Ann's father had been one of the best engineers on the T. C. & W. Ann thought in railroad language, which is probably why she didn't faint or scream. Certainly she pictured the horror of it—the inevitable crash on the Big Grade. A string of box cars traveling as fast as their poorly set brakes would let them striking seventy-nine head on. But as a matter of fact she was seeing one man only, weighing one man's life against minutes, seconds. The woman of it! There must be something, *something* she could do. A girl who loved enough could always do something. Her eyes left the awful picture of the hurrying cars, traveled back, stopped on the big freight engine at the head of the train on the siding. Suddenly she faced the brakeman, her voice husky.

"Can you—fire?"

"Can I what, ma'am?"

"Can you fire? Keep up steam? Don't you understand? We've got to catch those cars!"

"Ain't a chance—with the engineer clean down by the caboose."

"Never mind the engineer. Never mind anything. Uncouple that engine. And, Jim, get on that switch—quick!"

LIKE a flash Ann was across the tracks, climbing to the cab of the placidly waiting hog. The brakeman hesitated.

"Afraid?" she screamed over her shoulder.

He started then, swearing under his breath. Next moment he was between the tender and first car. When he reached the cab, Ann was struggling with a shovelful of coal.

"Gimme that," he grunted. "Sure you can run an engine?"

"Can I run an engine!" she cried. "Watch!"

Could she run an engine! What would her father have said to that? She, Ann Smith, bred a stone's throw from a roundhouse. A cab held no secrets from her. Throttle, air, sand, injectors—the mysterious complexity of levers and valves and pipes were as familiar to Ann Smith as the gear shift of an automobile to the average woman.

She had handled engines before—never alone, it was true, but often in the yards, making up trains, and in the days when regulations were less stringent. She could tell you the difference between the Pacific-type six-wheeler and the cordially hated compound. She knew engines—that was the long and short of it. Yes, thank God, she knew engines!

One quick comprehensive glance at the steam, the sigh of escaping air, and down the siding rumbled this particular engine that might be carrying her to her death. The big hog clattered over the switch frogs where Jim Hawkins stood, his hands on the lever, and out on the main line of the most dangerous single-track grade in the Rockies. Out on the main line with a girl at the throttle.

Riding jockeylike in the engineer's seat, she fed steam as fast as she dared, knowing that a blown cylinder head would mean defeat. Behind her the brakeman stoked the white-hot maw of the furnace, bending double, straightening, bending double again, with the regularity of clockwork.

VANISHING AMERICA

The Covered Wagon



You have probably seen a number of them in the movies, but there are just a few of them still in existence in real life. The photograph of this one was sent in by Miss Marcella Heidt, 129-10 New York Boulevard, Jamaica, N. Y. Look around and see what good example YOU can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay \$10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed. Send your photograph to Vanishing America, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The gauge, down to a bare one hundred pounds, crawled up; the engine groaned, rocked, thundered on, gaining speed each moment.

Forty, forty-five, fifty miles an hour! How far ahead were the cars? Where was seventy-nine? Only God above knew. He alone was the dispatcher this time. The walls of a cut swam by; a great void opened beside the cab window. A thousand-foot drop there.

While somewhere below, on one of the many loops of track that wound around the mountains like an endless lariat, hundreds of unsuspecting passengers were being boosted to their death.

But never mind the passengers! Ann never gave them a thought, never weighed their lives against the life of the man Boles wasn't sure she loved.

Faster roared the engine, the track darting beneath the pony truck and leaping away behind the tender. A slight curve, clear vision at last—and nothing on the straight stretch beyond.

Where were those cars? She could never catch them!

Her hair was blowing straight back, her eyes watering in the awful draft of a sixty-mile gale. Body crouched, hands on throttle and air, Ann Smith offered an inarticulate prayer.

The mountain wall unreeled like painted scenery; the engine yawed and rolled like a ship in a storm. They were a quarter way down the grade—and no cars!

It was too late—she knew it! Seventy-nine must have already encountered those box cars. Scrap iron—that's what the train was by this time. And Bob—

Then her half blinded eyes saw something—a black speck on the right-of-way. She opened the throttle another notch, screaming at the brakeman: "There they are! Oh, there they are!" But he didn't hear. Nobody could hear anything in that inferno of noise.

BRAKES now—screaming, grabbing brakes—and sand under the wheels. Ann could feel the tender close up; she sensed the crash of drawheads. If only she could slow down in time! This gauging of distances—it took an engineer to do that. The box cars were right in front, looked indeed as if they were rushing backward. And beyond them something else—seventy-nine!

A matter of split seconds, but time enough to think. Suppose the coupling on that last car hadn't been left open. No use supposing it. Couplings were usually left open. This one would be—if there was a God above watching over the Big Grade and Ann Smith and the man she loved. She waited.

Now! Emergency air—everything the engine had. There came a terrific bump. The coupler on the pony grabbed, freezing fast with rigid iron fingers to the box cars.

The engine hung back. But it wasn't enough—it wasn't enough! Her slim fingers closed on the reverse motion and the huge drivers thrashed backward.

Sand. More sand. She dared not look ahead. The mountainside slowed from a dizzy whirl to a stately march. The big freight hog was doing her best, like a horse sliding with all four feet rigid.

Then came another lesser bump, a shudder, silence—and darkness for Ann.

THEY still talk about it on the T. C. & W. The story goes the rounds from section hands gathered about a fire of old cross-ties to the white-collar men in dispatcher's office and towers—how a slim girl hurled one of the heaviest freight engines on the division down the Big Grade to save passenger train number seventy-nine. And how, using the skill and judgment of a veteran hoghead, she coupled to the runaway box cars and brought them to a standstill.

But Ann Smith wasn't thinking of what she had done—or anything else for that matter—as she swam up out of unconsciousness to find her head resting against the greasy blissful cradle of Bob's overalls. Another man was bending over her—obviously a passenger from seventy-nine. His face puzzled her. That square obstinate jaw, where had she seen it before?

As for the trains, the first runaway car was actually nosing the pony truck of seventy-nine's engine.

Later, much later that same day, Boles sat as usual behind his desk, hat on the back of his head and cigar doing nicely. The office door opened and three persons entered, one of them Bob. But Boles's eyes fastened on the other two in a stare of amazement.

"Josh Tilden!" he rumbled.

Sure enough, Josh Tilden, and on his arm Ann Smith!

There was a curious little silence, broken by the soft plop of Boles's hat on the floor. For the first time in his life he had pushed it back too far.

"Ed," said Tilden senior unsteadily, "I came out here to ride on a train my boy was firing—and maybe to take him back with me." He looked at Ann, not with the hostility of Back Bay for the Rockies, but as a father might well look at his own daughter. "But I guess he's better off where he is—if you can find the right job for him."

Boles got up so abruptly his swivel chair actually bounced on the recoil. Coming around the desk, he caught Ann by the shoulders and looked into her face.

Then, without a word, he propelled Josh Tilden from the room, and followed. Outside he said to the stenographer:

"There's a couple of people in conference in there. Don't disturb 'em—see!"

THE END

TOUGH ON SHOE BILLS?



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A New Generation Weighs Its Elders
—and Finds Them Not So Good

By

R O B E R T A
M . Y A T E S

(Reading time: 12 minutes 45 seconds.)

MY friends dropped in at the cocktail hour, so I offered them the conventional. Their fifteen-year-old daughter was with them, but I knew that they were modern parents and that, in the prohibition span of her life, she must have become accustomed to the tipping of her elders. The modern parents, however, said together, in firm voices, like a well rehearsed duet, "No, thanks. We're on the wagon," and gave me a meaning look.

I could interpret this conduct only as repentance for some past sin. After a time they drifted down the hall in the casual way of callers—to steal a few of my books under the guise of borrowing, I supposed.

I made conversation with their daughter, Sybil by name. Sybil looks a perfect Emily. She wears simple little dresses of pastel shades, in a Quaker effect—her own, not her mother's, choice. Sybil told me the plots of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and of Freckles. Her parents remained in the hall for a long, long time.

At last Sybil said sadly, "They're drinking."

I gaped at her. It was as though the horrid shade of Elsie Dinsmore haunted my living room.

"They're afraid to drink in front of me," she said, tight-lipped. "They know I disapprove."

Marveling, I joined the browbeaten culprits. They had found my brandy in the kitchen, and were giggling like a pair of naughty children caught with the jam.

"Sybil," they said, "objects to our taking a drop."

They refused to dare her wrath by letting me mix a cocktail, so I returned to the living room.

Sybil sighed. "Nobody knows what I've been through!"

"I've never seen your parents drink too much."

"They drink enough to get silly," she said severely. "And it isn't only that. They talk silly whether they're tight or sober. Stuff about repressions and sex psychology. It's old-fashioned and disgusting. Oh, please don't think I don't love them. I do. That's why I want to change them."

I gaped at the precocious child. She had two normal, broad-minded parents who were determined that their daughter should escape the tyranny of narrow-minded parental doctrine which they had once resented.

And she found these parents disgusting! She was guarding them, reforming them.

After they had gone I drank a cocktail, thankful that I had no pious brat to guide me. Sybil, I decided, was an amazing anachronism in the year 1933. Or perhaps she was merely passing through the teens, a period when

"I know all the biological facts, father," she said coldly. "As for what I think, I think that you are vulgar-minded."



female children are nasty-nice, if ever. But these explanations did not satisfy me.

I began to observe more thoughtfully the antics of today's youth. And I came to a conclusion which staggered me.

Youth, from twelve to twenty, has turned conservative! Today's children are what yesterday would have damned as prigs, prudes, and puritans.

Sybil is not unusual. She is typical of many. I realized that flaming youth had died, burned out in its own heat. But I found that upon its still smoldering ashes there has sprung up the austere white flower of puritanism. And this despite the efforts of the appalled "modern" parents. Today's children are perforce informed on the practical aspects of sex. But what we once shouted they blush over and shush.

This change in social and moral standards is not confined to any one locality. Just as flaming youth once swept the nation like a forest fire, so now has spread the tin mold of propriety.

Are in Style AGAIN

Illustration
by
RUTH KING



On a recent visit to my native Midwest city I went to a country club dance. It seemed to be kiddies' night, for the rooms teemed with fresh-faced collegiates and girls of eighteen. These girls, with their long full skirts and their arms capped by modest ruffles, made a picture as lovely as an old-fashioned flower garden.

"The new styles make a minx into a virgin," I thought cynically. "All is not naïve that's ruffled. Many a brazen heart beats beneath a high neckline."

GRADUALLY, however, I became aware of changes other than those in fashions. The voices of these young people were low and modulated. I heard no curses, unless one counts the ubiquitous "lousy." Dancing, the girls were held closely, but not tangled inextricably in their partners' arms. And among the partners not a hip pocket bulged, not a face was overflushed.

I judged the young people before me with a sneer. They could not be as pure as they seemed; nobody has been since Queen Victoria died. Little hypocrites! I

would ferret them out. I did a bit of reportorial snooping about the grounds, amid the shrubbery along the drive where cars were parked. No necking, no petting, no spooning. These youngsters had come to dance—and they were dancing.

I returned to my own table, where sat the chaperons, a group singularly indifferent to their duties. They were the older sisters and brothers, the young married set; and among them still flourished a rather dogged gayety. They drank; they flirted with each other's husbands; and they told flavored stories. But they were only the defiant ghosts of the turbulent 'twenties. They did not seem as real as the self-assured quiet young dancers.

AT this chaperons' table was the girl who, at a dance in this same clubhouse in 1925, stripped to her step-ins and dived after the band leader, whom we had doused in the swimming pool. She is married now, and a mother. It is difficult to manage a home, two babies, and a hectic social whirl, but she keeps up the pace. She was once a flapper and she sticks to it.

"Where's your kid sister?" I asked.

"Dear little sister has gone home," she sniffed.

"Before midnight?"

"She needs her beauty sleep to keep fit."

"Are they all like that nowadays?"

"When they're not worse. They take one drink; they smoke one cigarette a day. I dare say they kiss once a month. They don't invite certain girls to parties because the girls have a reputation for being wild. Not wild, mind you—just the reputation. Look at that boy in the corner. He's been drinking, so the nice girls won't dance with him."

I saw a forlorn red-faced youth shrinking behind a palm tree. Now and then he took a defiant nip from his flask. Yes, there are still hellions in this younger generation, but they are no longer the leaders.

The captain of the high-school football team joined us, a tall shy lad. We were talking of the war, that cataclysm which branded our own teens in letters of flame. The high-school boy said politely: "There was a sugar shortage, wasn't there? I remember mother refusing me sugar on cereal."

The war had meant to us the hectic gayety of despair. It crushed an old set of ideals, and on their ruins we erected a crimson flag. We boasted of sex honesty, the single standard, companionate marriage, free love, and a hundred other rebellious liberties.

The war meant to him—no sugar on his cereal. His not to reap the whirlwind, but to sow quietly in the valley. These oncoming youngsters, untouched by machine guns, have torn down the crimson flag and erected a white banner inscribed: *Virtue, Moderation, Discretion.*

Not all modern parents are intimidated by their reforming offspring as are the parents of Sybil. The father of an eighteen-year-old daughter told me wrathfully of his experience in explaining to her certain erotic phenomena.

He was a man of considerable sophistication. He has brought up the girl since her mother died at her birth.

"I've taught her to take care of herself," he said. "I never inquire into her affairs or try to check her. Heaven knows there's little need. She's at home every night by eleven. But she is having a few dates, so I decided that it was time for her to graduate from the primer to the college of sex life."

It seems that he touched lightly on free love, and on the probable though not inescapable perils thereof. He mentioned birth control; considered certain deviations from the normal; and made a practical analysis of the erotic passion in general. At the end of his lecture his daughter remained quiet.

"What are you thinking?" he demanded.

She gave him a glance of refined disgust.

"I know all the biological facts, father," she said coldly. "And I see no reason for discussing them or for putting them into practice. I haven't the slightest notion of letting any man make love to me until I get married. As for what I think—well, I think that you are vulgar-minded."

What a rebuff from today's virgin! Her father exploded with indignation when he repeated her words.

"Maybe the little goose would rather I told her about the love life of the flower. We've worked hard to give our children a sane, honest, outspoken viewpoint on sex. Now they throw all we've done into the ash can. They hide their heads in the sand and ignore the truth. All right; let them go ahead. They'll find out the trouble they get into."

"Perhaps you've choked liberalism down her throat," I suggested.

"Perhaps I have, though I've tried not to," he admitted. "I've always been bitter about hypocrisies and false standards. But whatever the cause, and sorry as I am to admit it, my daughter is a prude."

The revolt of youth is one part honest seeking for a new and independent standard and nine parts stubborn defiance of the overpreached credos of parents. The new generation gags on liberalism, just as the jazz generation railed against convention.

Perhaps these modern parents have helped to create reactionaries.

THERE is irony in the story a well known woman novelist confided to me. Two marriages have crashed about her, but she takes pride in the fact that she has let neither that nor her work interfere with the upbringing of her three children. She smiled sheepishly as she told me this story.

"Ten years ago I complained to you about my two older children," she said. "I was alarmed because they went beyond even my indulgent attitude. Terry drank too much, Sonia stayed out until four almost every night, and both of them used piratical language. Well, they're married and I've abandoned them with a sigh of relief. As a matter of fact they're doing rather well, despite their hectic past. It's Jim I'm worried about now. He's twenty and graduates from college next year.

"He's been going about with an attractive, rather pert girl. I asked him whether he was in love with her. He said that he was not, because she was too liberal with her kisses; that when he fell in love it would be with a strait-laced virgin whom he could trust. When I suggested that it might be wise to seek other qualities in a wife besides inexperience, he smiled patronizingly and called me old-fashioned and impractical."

Not only a virgin but a girl whose every act is decorous. That's what Jim, the youth of today, demands. And only yesterday flash alone could make a girl popular.

"The worst difficulty is his attitude toward me," continued the harassed mother. "He pities me as a sort of lost woman because I have

divorced two husbands. He says he understands that I must have had good reasons but it's too bad I had to have the divorces, for he fears that people hold a bad opinion of me."

There are three great barometers of the trend of these times: the movies, the fashions, and the speakeasies.

Hollywood has found that the only films with sure-fire box-office appeal are those which radiate sweetness and light. Gangsters, scarlet women, sex satires are uncertain and dependent on the whim of the public. A great director makes a great epic of sordid realism, which makes a great flop as a money-maker. But young love, trapped out in apple blossoms, innocent virginity, and sentiment, fills the house every time.

And, by the way, look around you at the next movie you attend. You will find very few couples tangled in furtive embraces. Dim movie houses were once well known resorts for petting. Nowadays the young are keeping their dignity even in the dark.

AS to fashions—skirts came down in 1929 along with stocks. Since then the mode has become increasingly demure and feminine. If Lillie Langtry, in all her Edwardian glory, appeared today, she would need only to shift a ruffle to be in the peak of fashion. Nor is this quaint old-fashioned mode a dictum of the dressmakers. It has been forced upon them by young girls.

Consider the forlorn state of the speakeasies. A few years ago they looked like annexes to prep and finishing schools. Slim brazen-voiced young things trilled the password at the grilled door, draped themselves over the bar, or giggled tipsily in corners.

Last New Year's Eve I went into a popular speakeasy, and saw not one coonskin coat. A few platinum blondes several years out of the chorus contributed the only illusion of youth.

Julius, the bartender, shook his head sadly. "It ain't just the depression. Folks always have fifty cents if they want a drink. It's that the kids ain't making whoopee any more. Every place it's the same."

A sophomore from Yale articulated present-day youth to me. I had been arraigning his generation, reproaching it with suppression and conventionality. He gave me a patronizing look.

"Of course we're fed up with the mess you older people have made," he answered. "You couldn't get married without getting a divorce. You let crime run riot. You went sex-crazy and shouted about it. And now, to cap everything, you've lost your money. Well, we're going to change all that. We're going in for decency. We won't get into the muddle you did!"

I recognized that speech. I made it once myself, ten years ago. Naturally, the accusations were different.

"Why should I respect and obey older people?" I asked. "A fine mess you've made! You pretend everything is lovely when it's rotten underneath. And to cap it all, you fixed up a war and killed off thousands of men. You cut our generation in half. Now you try to keep the remaining half from having a good time. Let us alone. We're going to change everything, and we won't get into the muddle you did!"

They are serious-minded and temperate, these polite young people. They will take kindly to light wines instead of bathtub gin. They will not fling their hats over the moon, nor jump after them. They will proceed sedately, cautiously. And so they will accomplish a new fashion in morals. The elders will fall in line. Already we are getting a bit shamefaced and uncertain. Our freedom was too loud-mouthed to be either good taste or permanent.

I picture a world in which we shall hide ugly realisms beneath verbal violets.

Maidens will be innocent and virtuous once more, and lads will be white knights.

Marriage will smother its thorns with orange blossoms.

Frankness will be veiled in refinement.

The optimist calls it progress; the pessimist calls it a pendulum.

THE END

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 32

Fatigue

TO THE LADIES!



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

*linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and
descendant of the first czar of Russia*

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)



Grace Moore

BORN in the Tennessee mountains, Grace Moore learned to shoot before she learned to sing. The woods were full of moonshiners, gun fighters, feudists. Grace could still knock the boys out of the bushes with her rifle if necessary—but it isn't necessary. She slays them now with her voice. Witness a fan letter she received the other day from Fall River, Massachusetts:

"You sing so fine," wrote her admirer, "that I am going to tell you how to catch trout a new way."

The secret called for bombing the trout out of their watery domain with a jugful of potash and a split cork. Miss Moore appreciates the ingenuity of the idea but doesn't think she'll try it. Blowing up fish is not one of her favorite sports. Golf is. And swimming, and riding, and sun bathing. She told me she is golden brown all over from nude sun bathing at her Long Island home and her villa in the south of France.

Here are some facts you ought to know about her:

Native-trained, native-born, she is grand opera's only 100-per-cent American prima donna. She's married to Valentin de Parera of Madrid. He gives her a gold chain bracelet every wedding anniversary—two, so far—and Grace figures she'll have room for fifteen of them on each arm. Best of all she enjoys: singing joyful songs, traveling, keeping house, gambling modestly at Monte Carlo. "All my vices are under control," she says.

You can hear her lovely soprano by radio over the Columbia network. Next winter she expects to sing in a play written by Mary Pickford.

WHAT are the refrigerator people going to do about wine? Our little beer bottles go into any ice box with room to spare. Wine bottles won't. They're too tall, and there is not room in the average refrigerator to keep them on their sides.

To make it more complicated, the average family refrigerator doesn't supply enough ice cubes to fill a wine cooler—not if you have company and need ice for other things as well. A wine cooler takes a lot of ice.

If repeal goes through by Christmas, as the wet prophets hope, we can cool our first wine bottles on our window sills—at least, we Northerners can. But what about the South? And what about next summer?

VICES, say some philosophers, are nothing more or less than virtues gone wrong. I have just heard how a girl's engagement may be threatened by her misapplication of a very practical virtue. She prides herself on being well dressed with the utmost economy. Finding

and driving clothes bargains is one of her enthusiasms. The trouble is, she has let her mind become rather one-tracked along this line.

Her young man sees her in a new dress. "That's pretty," he says. "I like that color on you."

"Wait," she exclaims, "until I tell you how much it cost!"

Whereupon she plunges into a detailed account of her new gown's stylishness and material value, as compared to identical gowns sold elsewhere for more money.

Her young man yawns, tries to change the subject. On she goes. He wishes he hadn't mentioned her dress at all. He won't the next time. If his compliments fall flat, he won't make them. He values her talent for economy, but the amount of post-mortem conversation she devotes to it has begun to bore him.

"How much of this kind of talk will I get," he asks, "after we are married?"

I understand that he is not quite as attentive to her as he used to be.

I SAW a regiment of soldiers march down a London street one day in 1914. They were going to France—and to war. At their head rode a veteran officer about fifty years old. He sat his horse with the accustomed ease of an old campaigner. I remember his expression today more clearly than I remember the features of my own relatives and friends. His eyes looked at the cheering crowd with sad contempt. It was plain that he knew what we did not know. He knew war.

I am not a pacifist, yet I believe that all of us should know as clearly as possible *what war is*. For this reason, particularly, I recommend *The First World War*, a photographic history edited by Laurence Stallings and published by Simon & Schuster. The photographs, arranged by Otto Kurth, of Liberty, are excellent. Mr. Stallings has given them captions that tear at your mind and heart.

FOR her new home one of New York's smartest brides has ordered tailored curtains of silk net ornamented in the center with an enormous monogram of appliqué linen. Her linen closet has glass shelves with a hand-painted border of white daisies.

NOTE for grocers: Do you and your clerks know how to cook the groceries you sell? This is inspired by a recent experience of mine. A kitchen-wise grocery clerk sold me several things I had not intended to buy. He made the sale because he suggested new dishes I could prepare—and told me how to make them. One was a jellied chowchow to serve with fish. Another was a new way to cook summer squash. Unexpectedly I bought squash and chowchow. "Aha!" thought I. "Cooking lessons for grocers. There's an idea for the correspondence schools."

(Reading time: 31 minutes 55 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a beautiful girl's battle for love and happiness. Sadie McKee, born in the little town of Richley, goes away to New York with Tommy Wallace, gas-station attendant, when he loses his job. Tommy deserts her for Dolly Merrick, a blues singer, and Sadie finds work in a cheap cabaret, where she meets Jack Brennan. She marries Brennan, a millionaire, only to divorce him in Reno. Her mother dies and she returns to Richley for the funeral, and meets Michael Alderson, son of the richest family in town. Michael asks her to marry him, which she does after telling him about Tommy. Life as Mrs. Alderson palls on Sadie, and when she learns that Dolly Merrick is playing an engagement in a near-by city she goes to see her, only to learn that Tommy had left Dolly a year before. Sadie tells Michael that she must find Tommy, and after a scene she leaves for New York and searches Broadway, enlisting the aid of Ada Adair, a dancer whom she had known in the cabaret. Ada calls her at three o'clock in the morning to tell Sadie that she has located Tommy in a cheap restaurant.

PART ELEVEN—DARK HOURS

SADIE saw two men in the lunch chairs. They were talking together. One man was facing Sadie. He was a little man with a black mustache and he eyed her interestedly as she approached. That would be Ada's boy friend. She could see the other man's back and his yellow hair. That would be Tommy.

She walked up to them with Ada at her heels. The little dark man stood up, smiling slightly.

He was shy in the presence of such a personage, but he was excited too, being well aware of the dramatic value of the situation.

Tommy stood up but he did not look into her face. It saddened Sadie to think that he was no longer interested enough in life to glance at a passing female.

She said, "Hello, Tommy."

He turned slowly to meet her gaze. The others watched spellbound at his deliberate manner. Sadie knew him so well that she understood why he had not looked swiftly. He did not wholly believe that he had heard her voice and was afraid to turn quickly lest there be no one there and his strange behavior arouse curiosity.

But now he was looking at her. His eyes were wide and astonished. Then he grinned wanly and said, "Hello, Sadie."

She said, "Sit down." The little man with the mustache was patting Tommy reassuringly on the shoulder. Ada was scribbling her address on the back of an envelope and crushing it into Sadie's hand. Then suddenly they were gone and Sadie and Tommy were alone.

He said, "Well, we're back where we started." He looked around the lunch room.

She said, "Yes. Back where we started." But she knew that they weren't really, for you can never go back.

They looked at each other and he saw a lovely stranger in smart clothes and diamonds. A stranger whose name was Alderson and whose head was held high and who certainly didn't belong in a lunch room.

She saw a shabby boy who needed a shave and whose suit needed a pressing and a cleaning.



Pretty Sadie

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

But maybe the pressing and cleaning wouldn't help. She saw that the suit didn't quite fit him, for he was thin. And she noticed that he no longer held himself proudly and that his smile was pleading and apologetic.

"Hard times, Tommy?" she asked gently.

"No. What the hell? Not bad."

She laid her hand on his. "I've been looking for you." He nodded. "I thought there was something fluky

He turned slowly to meet her gaze. The others watched spellbound at his deliberate manner. He grinned wanly.

"Oh. You've been out of work, Tommy?"

"Yes. I had a job right after I left—right after I left the other act, but I had to quit. I wasn't so well. My voice has been kind of on the blink. It will get all right, but it's a little lousy now."

He coughed hollowly as though his words had reminded his body that it was ailing.

"Have you seen a doctor, Tommy?"

"No. What the hell? If you haven't any money they lock you up in a hospital. I feel all right. I don't want to be locked up."

She shook her head. "No, you wouldn't want to be locked up." She looked into his face and read there much that had happened to him. He had been so handsome, so sure of himself, and the world had been his oyster.

She looked away from him and a wave of despair swept over her. Why had God made a world where what was done could never be undone? Oh, dear Jesus, why couldn't they start over again from this little lunch room? If only it were that freezing-cold day once more and they were sitting with the want-ad section open before them! She in the old sealskin that Michael's mother had thrown aside, and Tommy in his cheap overcoat that they had thought so smart and becoming. Dear Jesus, let's start over. Give him his health and me my old energy and I guarantee you a different story.

She looked back at him and saw that there could be no other story.

HE had been handsome and she had been beautiful, and misfortune loves a shining mark.

"Have you been happy, Sadie?"

"I lost my mother," she said.

"Yes, I read about it. Too bad. I always read about you in the papers, Sadie."

"Do you?"

"Gee, I was surprised when you fell into all that money. Pretty lucky."

"Yes, wasn't it?"

Funny how changed he was. He had been extraordinarily good-looking. Was it just that he had grown thinner? That couldn't make all the difference. She saw that his eyes were dull and not clear as they had been, and the hard boniness of his face showed up the weakness of his chin. And he needed a shave, of course, and the glowing pinkness of his face had left, and—

"What are you staring at, Sadie?"

"At you."

"What's the matter with me?"

"I don't know yet. Do you want any more to eat?"

"No."

"Then come on."

"Where?"

"I'm going to take you to Richley."

"Richley? What would I do in Richley?"

"Rest and build up."

"Hell, I can't do that. I'm all right, Sadie. Let me alone. Don't worry about me."

"You have to come with me, Tommy."

He met her eyes and saw that he hadn't been fooling her. She knew. Sadie always knew.

"All right. I'll come."

"We'll get your things."

about a guy I hardly knew asking me to have something to eat."

She winced at the story behind his words. He had been ready for something to eat no matter who asked him.

"And you came here, Tommy?"

"I always come here."

There was a moment's silence. Then he said, "I live just down the street."

By
VIN A
DELMAR

The Bewildering Skein of Two
Tangled Lives Begins to
Unravel at Last

McKee

He laughed shortly. "We can't," he said. The pawnshops are closed."

They had not been able to get a train at once, so the sun was high and it was a bright and busy morning when Sadie and Tommy walked up the steps of the brick house. Sadie rang the bell and Josephine peered out at her, then threw the door open, exclaiming, "Gracious sakes alive, Sadie! I never expected you at this hour."

She eyed Tommy with wondering disapproval. What was this?

You never could tell about Sadie. But she stood aside and let the threadbare-looking individual follow Sadie into the immaculately clean house.

In the living room Sadie said, "Josephine, this is Tommy Wallace. Did you ever hear my mother or me speak of him?"

Josephine nodded. Yes, she had heard tell of Tommy Wallace. He had once kept company with Sadie, but he had been in on some dirty business and he had had to leave town. Sadie had gone with him, and down in New York she had married him, and then suddenly she had not married him at all. Yes, Josephine knew about Tommy Wallace.

"Tommy, this is Mrs. Harris."

Tommy smiled.

Sadie said, "Sit down, Tommy."

He sat down. Sadie asked, "Where's Harris?" She walked out of the room as though she had to see Harris immediately, but once in the kitchen she called Josephine.

Josephine came. "Yes, dearie, what is it?"

"Josie, Tommy's sick. I'm afraid he's real sick. I've brought him to you because I have nobody else. It's your house, Josie. I gave it to you. But he's been through so much I hate to put him in a sanatorium. Will you keep him for me?"

"Sure, dear."

"He needs good food and rest and a little gentleness. I'll get him a doctor right away."

"I can take care of him."

"Oh, Josie, you're so good."

"Good your grandmother! Who's paying for the upkeep of this house? Is it Harris and me? Say, I'll be tickled to death to do something for you, dearie."

Sadie took her hand and squeezed it, and the unimaginative Josie suddenly, and to her own surprise, saw that, no matter what she privately thought of Tommy Wallace, she would wait on him hand and foot. Not because Sadie was her mother's daughter, and not because Sadie had given her the brick house, but because of the look in Sadie's eyes at that moment. Usually they were sullen eyes or stormy eyes, but now they were soft and grateful and contented.

Sadie and Josephine went back to the living room. Tommy was sitting where they had left him. His eyes were closed, but he opened them as Sadie approached.

"Nice house," he said.

"It was my mother's."

"Oh. Can I stay?" He smiled and looked from one woman to the other. He had known why they had disappeared. He had suddenly learned, too, how hungry street dogs feel when they are carted into tidy homes by soft-hearted little boys.

JOSIE said, "You certainly can stay. The house is yours."

Tommy smiled again and said, "Then can I just sit in this chair for a while with my eyes closed?"

The women tiptoed away. They went to the kitchen.

Josephine said, "I guess you like him, huh, Sadie?"

Sadie said, "I'm going home now. I'll send a doctor and I'll be back later."

"Harris will take you. He's out there in the garage."

Sadie found the big house very quiet. Breakfast trays were being carried to the Alderson ladies. The gentlemen had departed for the golf links. She went to her room and thought of doctors. She did not think Michael would like her calling his family doctor. She did not wish to send for the man who had taken care of her mother.

She was superstitious. But she would not have someone that she knew nothing about. So at length she telephoned the Aldersons' doctor. She told him that she was phoning for Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Harris had a guest who was ill.

Sadie went to sleep then and slept until noon. Michael was in the sitting room when she got up.

She said, "Hello, Michael," and kissed him.

He looked up from the morning paper which he had been glancing over merely to create an appearance of nonchalance.

"OH, are you home?" He had known very well she was home.

She laughed. "Yes, I'm home."

"I hope your trip was successful."

"I brought Tommy back with me."

"What?"

"I brought Tommy back with me. He's ill and needs care."

"Oh, lovely!"

"It won't trouble you, Michael. He's down at my mother's house. Josephine and Harris will take care of him. I'll always be here when you want me. I'll visit him while you're golfing or riding."

"My God, Sadie, can't you think?"

"Of course I can."

"Then think what people will say."

"What people?"

"The people in town, my family, everybody!"

She did not speak until he looked at her. Then she held his eyes and said, "Michael, when the people in town see Tommy they will know that anything that was ever between him and me is over. He is a skeleton, Michael. I think he is dying." She paused, and his eyes wavered and wandered away from hers. "And your family, Michael? I am still stupid enough to have illusions and I like to believe that fine people wouldn't like to see a sick and penniless man wander around without food or decent care."

"There are sanatoriums."

"Are there, Michael? And instructors and detectives, too. I know. You want to hire someone to give forth the milk of human kindness for you. You can't do it, Michael. When money is no object it's easy to give it away. Too easy. But you have to give something else, Michael, if you want to play fair. You have to give time and thought and effort. It's not generous to give what you don't value."

Suddenly and quite unexpectedly his arms were around her and he was holding her close to him. "You're right, Sadie. I'm a beast, but I love you so! I'm jealous and mean and small. I can't help it, but I'll try. I'm so sorry."

She patted him gently and felt uncomfortable, as she always felt when Michael was opening his heart. A man oughtn't to act that way. He oughtn't to break down and throw himself about in an ecstasy of repentance. All this beating of chest and wearing of sackcloth was an imposition. He felt better after it. New and cleansed and ready for a game of chess or a brisk cross-country ride. But she felt depressed and upset. It always left her shaken to see Michael with tears in his eyes, imploring her forgiveness. If he had been a beast, then let him atone by keeping quiet and being more human in the next crisis. But instead he made a lot of noise and never changed.

"Sadie, can you forgive me? I don't deserve a thought from you, but you're so good and sweet. I can't live without you. Please forgive me."

Quite seriously she considered saying, "Oh, nuts." Perhaps it would make him realize how ridiculous he was and shock him back to normal. If it made him angry, so much the better. He would give up this stupid self-abasement business. But she only said, "Sure, I forgive you." After all, there wasn't much to do in Richley and he did enjoy those scenes.

Josephine had Tommy in bed when Sadie got back to



the brick house. He was sleeping. The doctor had been there and gone. He had said very little about Tommy's condition, Josephine reported.

"But just what did he say?" Sadie demanded impatiently.

"He said that he wouldn't like to give a diagnosis yet. He said something about X-rays and a Dr. Flynn."

"Who's Dr. Flynn?"

"I don't know, Sadie. He spoke as though it was some doctor he was going to send for. I told him that money was no object."

Sadie nodded. "That's right," she said. "Did he give you any idea of what he thought?"

Josephine gazed out the window. "He said he couldn't tell much without an X-ray and Dr. Flynn. You know how it is, Sadie; doctors are often wrong anyhow. I wouldn't let it worry me if I were you. He'll be all right. He's just run down. He's—"

Sadie fixed her with a chilling glance. "Come clean, Josie. What does he think?"

"He used words I didn't understand, Sadie."

"And when you asked him what they meant, what did he say?"

"Oh, Sadie, he thinks it's tuberculosis. The kind that—that takes you fast."

"That's what I think too."

Josie's ready tears were falling swiftly. She lifted the corner of her apron and dried her eyes with it.

"I'll do all I can, Sadie."

"I know, but it will be too much for you, Josie. I'll get nurses."

"We'll save him, dearie. Don't worry."

Sadie said, "We won't save him, Josephine. I know we won't."

"You must look on the bright side, Sadie."

Sadie said nothing. She was thinking that he must die, for there was no place in life left for him. He had always taken the easiest road and it was easier now for him to lie down and die than it would be to battle the world for a living after having known the joys and comforts of the life which Dolly Merrick had showed him. It wouldn't be Tommy to wrest victory from defeat. He couldn't pump gas again and enjoy a walk in the moonlight. It would be misery for him to return to the humdrum life that he had known in Richley. Life had given him too much for him to be contented with nothing, and it had given him too little for him to be important in his own right.

She said to herself, "I will make a place for him in life if God will let him live. I will put him in a show and surround him with great names so that he cannot fail. I will spend every dollar I have ramming him down the throats of the public until they say, 'Yes, yes, we'll take him willingly.'"

Josephine said, "The doctor will be back at ten tomorrow morning."

"I'll be here. Telephone me if there's anything he wants and tell him that I was here."

SHE went back to the house on the hill and was presented to the visiting Aldersons. There was Mr. Craig Alderson, who looked amazingly like Michael's father but who peered out at the passing show with a disconcertingly absent-minded stare.

He said to Sadie, "Well, well," as though he were wondering who in the world she might be.

"My wife, you know, Uncle Craig," Michael said.

"Oh, yes, of course, your wife, Michael." And then he looked at Michael with mild surprise. Michael was old enough to have a wife, was he? Well, well, would wonders never cease? Somebody should have told him that Michael was grown up now.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Alderson, who were plump and friendly, and their two daughters, who were thin and hostile. The girls were named Elizabeth and Pamela and they stared at Sadie when they thought she wasn't noticing. They were in their late twenties and they were unmarried and they dressed in a most ladylike and unattractive manner.

Their parents kissed Sadie wetly the moment they met her, and the girls smiled pained little smiles and mur-

mured, "Cousin Sadie." Sadie observed to Michael later that they spoke with an English accent.

He smiled. "No, dear. They speak English."

"Then what do we speak?"

"We speak English too, but we speak it with an American accent."

"Oh."

Sadie had an uncomfortable feeling that she was supposed to do something with Elizabeth and Pamela but she couldn't think what. Always she felt that the English Mrs. Alderson would say to her daughters, "Now run along, dears, and play in the garden with Cousin Sadie."

Truth to tell, the girls did expect to go horseback riding with Sadie and were no end shocked to hear that Sadie didn't ride.

"Why, I supposed," said Pamela, "that everybody rode a horse."

"No," Sadie disillusioned her; "there are some people who don't even have stables."

"Well, of course, everyone can't afford their own stables," Elizabeth said, "but I did think —"

"No," said Sadie. "I don't ride."

LUCKILY the girls spent a great deal of time on the tennis court. Sadie went with them once as a spectator and was deeply impressed by the grace and forcefulness of their game. She was surprised to see that in the heat of their excitement they were no longer plain, wintry maidens. Their eyes and cheeks glowed and their laughter was light and merry.

Sadie thought, "They'd be married by now if their old man would round up a couple of eligible bachelors and make them watch the girls play tennis."

Sadie took the girls for a ride in her car. She sat between them and listened to them talk. They said very little, but it seemed to amuse them, for at intervals they went off into well bred little bursts of laughter. They talked of someone back home whom they had nicknamed "Squeak." Sadie thought them very silly. At their age they should have more than schoolgirl prattle to offer. They made Sadie feel cross and irritable.

But perhaps that was because the X-rays had been taken and Dr. Flynn had come and gone and it was a certainty now that Tommy had tuberculosis — "the kind that takes you fast."

The girls had expected Sadie to take them shopping in New York, but Sadie told Michael that his stepmother would have to take them.

"Sadie, they're counting on you."

"Well, that's tough, isn't it? The poor little things are going to be disappointed. Look here, Michael, there's a boy dying who hasn't anybody in the world except me."

"He hasn't even you. You don't belong to him."

"I belong to myself. I'll play nursemaid to a couple of half-wits now and then, but I'm not going to be shipped off to New York with them when Tommy Wallace is lying here dying."

"Sadie, you've been with him every blessed minute."

"Yes, every blessed minute that I'm not pointing out the sights, pouring tea, hearing about merry old England, and explaining why I'm not a rollicking big sports-woman. I've seen him exactly four and a half hours this whole week."

"You have the hours all counted out, haven't you?"

"Yes. You see, he hasn't many of them left."

"Are you sure you're not dramatizing somewhat, Sadie?"

"Michael, don't say things like that. I know you're in a tough spot, but don't get nasty or you'll regret it. For two pins I'd walk out of that door and never come back. You don't know the nerve it takes to go downstairs and be nice to everybody and to say inconsequential things when I'm all panicky and damn' near insane."

"I wonder, Sadie, how you have the nerve to tell me that you're going to pieces over another man."

She did not answer him. He was too childish. If he'd leave her alone she'd give plenty of time to entertaining his relatives. She could slip away to Tommy while they were golfing or riding, and no one would suspect that she was even gone. But his stupid attempts to get her away from Richley angered her. It was enough to lie awake

through the dark hours of the night hearing the clock tick Tommy's minutes away, enough to sit through Mr. Craig Alderson's endless discourses on English politics in Egypt, while down in the brick house the new doctor from New York was making his examination.

It would be different if Michael had been fooled, but he had taken her knowing that somewhere loose in the world was the man she really wanted. And now that man was dying and she was lying on a chaise longue up in her room and arguing with Michael. Wasting Tommy's time. Soon he would be gone and she would never see him again. Never again if she searched the world over and employed all the detectives alive and sent a thousand dollars every single day to Ada Adair. Tommy would be gone forever.

A low moan suddenly escaped her, and in a flash Michael was leaning at her side.

"Darling, darling, what is it?"

She looked at him coldly. "What do you think?" she asked him.

"Wouldn't it save Tommy if he were sent to Denver or somewhere, darling?"

"No. Nothing can save him. It's too late."

"Oh, my poor Sadie!"

Sadie jumped to her feet.

She saw Michael's self-abasement scene coming on and she did not feel equal to it. She ran into the other room, but he followed her.

"You're a nervous wreck, Sadie. I can't let this go on."

"What are you going to do?"

"I know you love that man, but you can't save him. You've done everything, and that's all you can do. Now you have to take yourself in hand. Forget about him."

Sadie began to laugh but she silenced herself quickly. It would be hard to stop if she ever really got going. She might laugh till she dropped exhausted at his feet. She might laugh forever.

"Michael, why the hell don't you leave me alone?"

"Leave you alone?"

"Yes. Get out of here. I'm not right. I want to throw things. I want to scream. I want to tell you that I'm staying here and facing your damn' family every day because I'm trying to do the decent thing if you'll let me. If you keep hounding me I'm going down and live in the brick house. Will you like that?"

"Sadie, calm yourself."

"Yes, calm myself. For what, for God's sake? So your family won't hear me? I've got somebody dying, do you understand that? Where are the words that will make you see what it means to be losing somebody? He's dying! I don't care for anybody on the face of this lousy God-forsaken earth except him, and he's dying! Do you understand that?"

HE stood looking at her and wondering why she didn't cry if she felt so badly. Was she really slightly insane? Maybe she should be in a sanatorium herself.

"Michael." Her voice was cold and steely. "Michael, will you, for the love of God, give me five minutes alone?"

He turned and went out.

Mr. Alderson sent word that he would like to see Sadie in the library.

Mr. Alderson was pacing the library floor when she knocked and entered the room.

"Sit down, Sadie."

She sat down.

"Sadie, what's wrong between you and Michael?"

"It's a long story, Mr. Alderson."

"And one that is none of my business?"

She looked at him but did not answer.

He said, "I make it my business because I love you and Michael. I notice a formal politeness between the two of you. A sudden distant feeling. Is it that Wallace boy?"

"Yes. He's in town. I brought him back with me."

"So? You are seeing him?"

"Every day."

"And Michael is jealous?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't he trust you?"

"There is no question of trust, Mr. Alderson. Tommy is dying."

"Really? I'm sorry—for you."

"Thank you."

"Michael resents your seeing him?"

"Yes."

"That's natural, I suppose."

"But Tommy is dying, Mr. Alderson."

"Should Michael be sorry about that, Sadie? After all, he's human."

"But he should be decent and understanding about me. He begrudges every little minute I spend with Tommy. And they're very few, Mr. Alderson. Very few."

"Michael's a spoiled child, Sadie. He's always had everything he wanted."

"I know. I understand his views on the matter, Mr. Alderson, but I'm spending hours with Pam and Beth to please him, and Tommy will soon be—be dead."

"You shouldn't have brought this boy to Richley, Sadie."

"No? What did you do when Michael's mother was dying? Stick her in a place where she wouldn't be contented?"

"No; but this house was her home."

"AND that house is Tommy's home. He's well taken care of there and I can see him. I have to see him, even if it's only for a minute every day. Don't you understand?" She paused for a moment to wonder why nobody seemed to grasp the importance of this thing that was happening to her. Tommy was dying, and people argued his right to die in Richley, his right to one lone mourner. She didn't have the words to make them understand. Suddenly she found a word. A word that she hated. A word that was false and silly but that they could understand. She would make them see what Tommy's death meant. She would tell them in their own showy language. "You see," she said, "I love Tommy."

Mr. Alderson looked at her. Then he sat down suddenly. "I see," he said. He was silent for a moment. "It's hard on all of us, Sadie."

"Yes."

"But it's hardest on you. I'm sorry, Sadie. I must be getting old and insensible." He buried his head on his arms. She waited, but he did not look up. She went out. At last somebody understood.

Cocktails were being served in the living room. She went in and joined the family.

"There she is now," Elizabeth said. "We'll ask her. Sadie, aren't you going to New York and show us all the cunning places where you buy your clothes?"

"I'll give you the addresses," Sadie said. "I can't go."

"Oh dear!" Pamela was disappointed. "I had so hoped—" She looked at Michael. "Can't you bully her into taking us?"

"No," Michael said. "I can't."

Everybody laughed. It made such an amusing picture.

"Why can't you go?" Michael's stepmother asked coldly. After all, the girls were guests and one should inconvenience oneself for them.

"I have things to do," Sadie answered.

"Oh, come now. You can put them aside for a trip to New York." Sadie did not miss the icy firmness beneath the light words.

Michael said, "No, she can't go. Really."

Sadie tossed him a look of gratitude. He had not intended to help. He had been only frightened that the women would badger her into blurting out the truth. Still, he had helped her.

Mr. Alderson walked into the room. He said, "Good evening," and he smiled as he took the cocktail which was offered him.

Pamela said, "What do you think? Sadie can't go to New York with us."

"No," Mr. Alderson said, "she can't. Sadie hasn't wanted to spoil your visit with depressing thoughts, so she hasn't told you that her dearest friend is lying at death's door. A boy with whom she went to school. I can't let you tease Sadie about that New York trip."

Elizabeth said, "Oh," (Continued on page fifty-two)



"I'M SORRY, SADIE. I MUST BE GETTING OLD AND INSENSIBLE." HE BURIED HIS HEAD ON HIS ARMS.

(Continued from page fifty) Sadie, that is too bad!"

Pamela said, "What rotten luck."

Their mother kissed Sadie—wetly again—and said, "Poor dear."

The two visiting gentlemen shook their heads to signify that they considered the whole thing a beastly outrage.

Mr. Alderson said, "And Sadie is going to be excused after dinner to go visit a time with the poor lad."

Sadie raised her eyes from the rug and looked at Mr. Alderson.

Once again she was having trouble disassociating him from God. . . .

Tommy knew that he was going to die. They tried to keep it from him, but he had read the end of the story in Sadie's eyes.

There was no fooling him, and at last Tommy was not fooling himself. He knew.

Sadie sat beside his bed, and for once in her life she talked, though there was nothing to say. She told him of plays she had seen and people she had met.

"Sadie, you're a good egg. What do you want to be so damn' decent for? It's never got you anything and it never will," Tommy asked her.

"I'm not too decent, Tommy. I never do anything I don't want to do."

"I wish I'd stuck with you, Sadie."

"Oh, what the hell! You had fun and I had fun. What more is there to get out of life? Soon you'll be well and off again, seeing the country. We'll always be pals."

"I won't be off again, Sadie, but we'll let that pass. Don't paint any rosy future for me, kid. It's a strain on you to do it and I know the truth. We'll let it lay. I gotta tell you, though, that I'm sorry for the past. I'm no prize, but if you wanted me you should have had me."

"That's all right, Tommy."

"I guess it was all planned. I was supposed to get out of your way so you could get where you belonged in life, and Dolly and me were two of a kind. A couple of low-down rats. We got what we deserved when we got each other."

"She shouldn't have let you go when you were sick."

"Why not? She met someone she liked better. I'd have done the same thing to her."

"No, you wouldn't have, Tommy."

"Sure I would. Look what I did to you."

"I wasn't sick."

"THAT wouldn't have made any difference. I was a louse, Sadie, and you know it. A fool would say, 'I wish I had it to live over,' but I won't say it. I know that I'd act the same way again. It's natural for me to be rotten just like it's natural for you to be decent."

"You have to rest now, Tommy. We've talked a long time."

"And gotten nowhere because there's nowhere left for me to go. I want you to know, though, Sadie, that I'm glad I got out of your way so you could be rich and happy and get the kind of guy that you really rated."

She patted his hand and did not answer him. If she sat quietly for just a few minutes he would fall asleep. He tired easily. She looked at his thin face and flushed cheeks and she said to herself, "It won't be much longer." And she thought that if they had not stopped in that particular drug store, and that particular soda

jerker with his book of addresses had not waited on them, everything would have been different. They would have found a rooming house for themselves. One without Dolly Merrick in it.

Fate had done that so Opal would take Sadie to Roquette's and Jack Brennan, and so that some day Tommy would lie dying in a charming brick house which Jack had bought for an ex-cleaning woman.

Life was funny. There was no beginning and no end. One could go mad conjuring up circumstances which had kept the soda jerker from Florida and the causes which had produced the circumstances. Sadie shook her head. No, it was all accident. God certainly wasn't going to bother that much over a trivial thing like breaking up a couple of lives. Why hadn't He just let the gas leak in that dirty little furnished room or had a truck run over them?

Tommy was asleep now, so Sadie went out.

MR. ALDERSON said to Michael, "Maybe it wasn't my business, son, but I'm trying to save your marriage for you. If you love Sadie you have to be lenient about this Wallace boy. If you're not lenient you're going to lose her."

"What am I supposed to do—be delighted with the way things are going?"

"You were a fool to marry a woman who said she didn't love you. But you did it. Now you have to be a sport or else you and she will never get back on friendly ground again."

"I can't understand what she sees in him."

"What difference does that make? The boy is going to be dead within the month. Can't you be kind and understanding that long? You have to be, Michael, or else there's going to be trouble."

"She hates me now."

"No, she doesn't. But you haven't been square, Michael. She was honest with you. You knew about this boy."

"But I didn't know she was going to bring him to Richley."

"Of course you didn't. Neither did she. However, if you had given a thought to the fact that you were marrying a girl who loved another man you would have seen a lot of things. You're lucky he's dying. Suppose he were well and wanted her to leave you for him?"

"She wouldn't do it."

"Wouldn't she? Why do you suppose she told you that she still loved him? She wanted you to consider the risk you were taking. You acted like a blockhead when you gave that no thought, and you're acting like a blockhead now."

"Thank you, sir."

"Well, it's true. Since you married her under such unhappy conditions, I take it you love her. Then why don't you try to hold her? Do you suppose she'll learn to love you if you become less of a man than you were and act like a whimpering puppy?"

"Father, do you mind if I think out my own problems?"

"No, I'd be delighted if you gave them a little thought."

"Will you excuse me now?"

"Surely."

Michael walked up the stairs to Sadie's room.

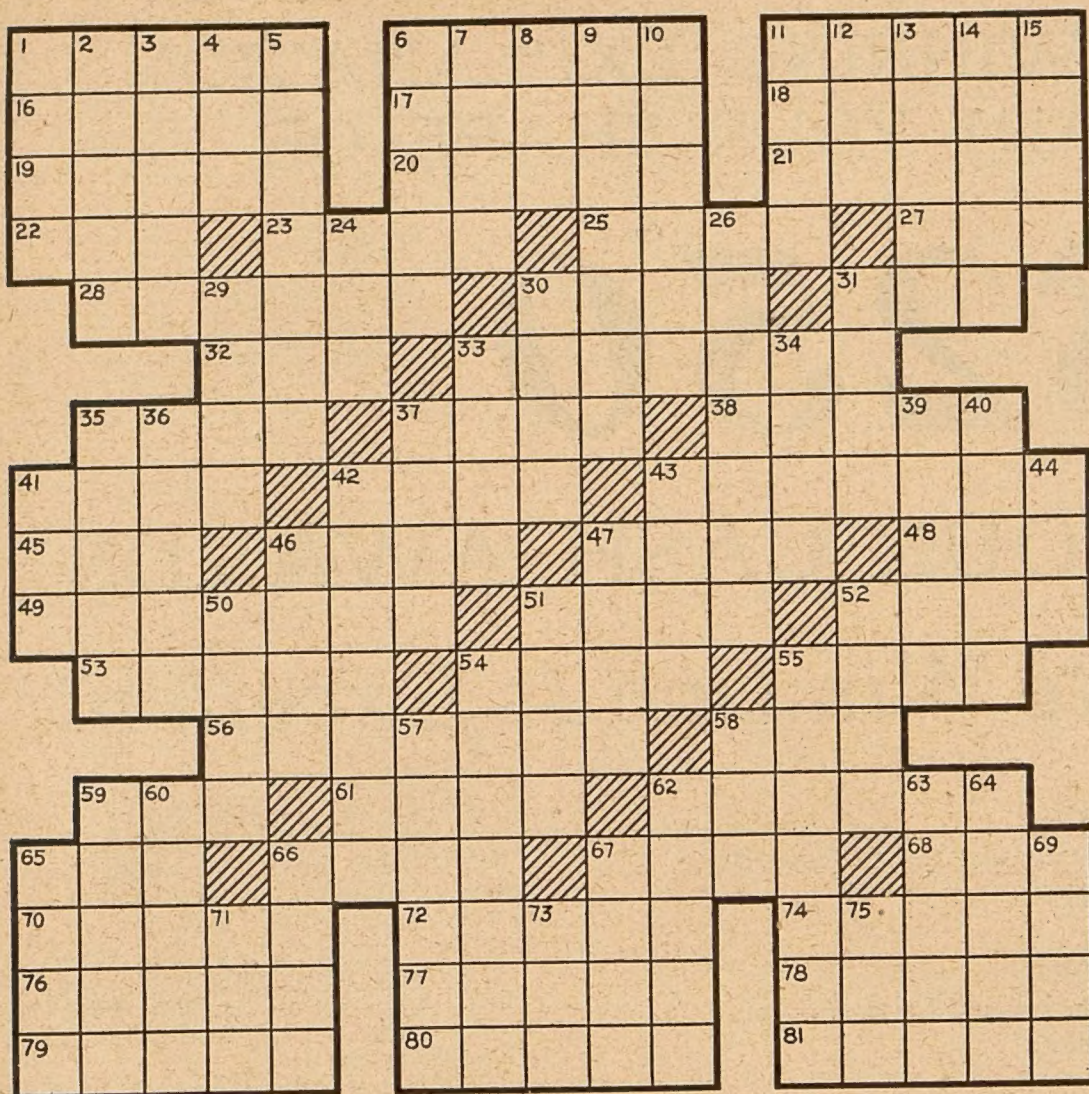
In next week's concluding installment you will read of the unusual climax to this story of another "Bad Girl," and what happens to Tommy Wallace and to Sadie's marriage to Michael Alderson.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

- 1—Almost three hundred feet high.
- 2—Judas Iscariot committed suicide.
- 3—The land far out to sea.
- 4—Burma.
- 5—The Metropolitan, in New York City.
- 6—Five thousand two hundred and eighty.
- 7—Time flies.
- 8—The Moldau.
- 9—Brother of Moses.
- 10—William H. Harrison; with ten.
- 11—Iowa.
- 12—Colombia and Russia.

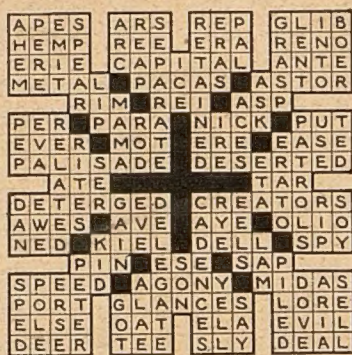
- 13—Carnarvon Castle, in North Wales.
- 14—Confucius, a Chinese philosopher.
- 15—A branch of military art dealing with the supply and movement of troops.
- 16—William Pitt the elder and William Pitt the younger.
- 17—Showing favoritism to relatives.
- 18—The Great Barrier Reef, off Australia, 1,000 miles long and 10 to 30 miles wide.
- 19—Esther viii. 9.
- 20—Genghis Khan, the great Mongol leader.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Ordinary language
- 6 Hallowed
- 11 Not broad or general
- 16 A kind of fur
- 17 Fisher for lampreys
- 18 Worship
- 19 Evade
- 20 Laymen, collectively
- 21 Number
- 22 Thrice (music)
- 23 A kind of jacket
- 25 Spasmodic twitchings
- 27 Devour
- 28 Bigoted
- 30 Light cotton fabric
- 31 River in Scotland
- 32 Pronoun
- 33 To put forth buds
- 35 Bamboolike grass
- 37 Adipose tissue (plural)
- 38 Expunger
- 41 North American rail
- 42 Sound
- 43 Rasped
- 45 Consumed
- 46 Small nail
- 47 Reclines
- 48 A black bird of the cuckoo family
- 49 Pertaining to milk
- 51 Clement
- 52 Performs
- 53 Visible vapor
- 54 Hurl
- 55 Strikes
- 56 Sustain
- 58 Distant
- 59 Skill
- 61 Native of Latvia
- 62 More compact
- 65 A ten-meter square
- 66 Confined



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 67 Discover
- 68 Confederate general in the Civil War
- 70 Thin crimped stuff of silk or cotton
- 72 To become narrower toward an end
- 74 Idles
- 76 Mother-of-pearl
- 77 A size of type
- 78 Consumed
- 79 Ethereal salt
- 80 Hinder
- 81 A cubic meter

VERTICAL

- 1 To map
- 2 A kind of bird
- 3 Musical drama
- 4 Title of respect
- 5 Penetrated
- 6 Beneath
- 7 Thin
- 8 High priest in whose care Samuel was trained
- 9 Kind of dog (plural)
- 10 Attempting
- 11 A girl
- 12 A poem
- 13 Flock of partridges
- 14 Toward the rear
- 15 Allowed the use of
- 24 A rocky pinnacle
- 26 Constrained to action
- 29 American ostrich
- 30 Stringed instrument
- 31 A looplike structure (anatomy)
- 33 Company of musicians
- 34 Rows
- 35 Ecclesiastical courts
- 36 Upstanding
- 37 Young equine
- 39 Calendar month's excess over a lunar month
- 40 Leases
- 41 Salt
- 42 Tread down
- 43 Deposit of mud
- 44 Roman god
- 46 A dandy
- 47 Roster
- 50 A trial
- 51 Market
- 52 Ventilates
- 54 Small house
- 55 Feels with the hand
- 57 A five-year period
- 58 Marsh
- 59 Tapestry
- 60 Respond
- 62 More dreadful
- 63 Make glad
- 64 Allude
- 65 Skin disease
- 66 An equal
- 67 Festival
- 69 Slave
- 71 Prefix: before
- 73 Fit
- 75 Cereal grain

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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INTRODUCTION:

A college girl in Salt Lake City found a ring of keys on the street.

CONCLUSION:

An ancient Aztec gold mine is reopened by a British mining engineer.

WHAT chain of circumstances can you invent to show how the mine was opened as a result of the finding of the keys? There's a problem for you! And if you send in one of the sixty-four best solutions you will be placed among the cash-prize winners! Long explanations are not required. In fact the limit is 500 words. That puts a premium on your imagination rather than on a large vocabulary. It's the action that counts.

You have plenty of time before the contest closes to work out a number of ways in which this question might be answered. If you are not satisfied with your original attempt, invent another. Keep in mind that the requirements are logic, conciseness, and entertainment. Choose the explanation that you think best meets these qualifications and send it in as directed in the rules. Your chance to capture one of the cash awards is excellent. Don't be afraid to try. You may be more skilled at plot invention than you realize! Think of the thrill of reading your name as first-prize winner and receiving Liberty's check for \$50. Or any one of the other awards, for that matter.

This week's contest closes Monday, September 18. Mail your entry in good season and be ready for next week's problem.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Write, using not more than 500 words, a chain of circumstances that develops the given introduction into the given conclusion.

3. It is not necessary to clip or copy the printed introduction or conclusion.

4. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Pencil entries will not be considered. Neatness will count. Spelling will count.

5. The entry which supplies the most logical, most concise, most entertaining chain of circumstances will be adjudged the best. The entry rating next highest in these qualifications will be adjudged second best, etc.

6. On this basis sixty-four prizes will be paid as follows: First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10; ten prizes, each \$5; fifty prizes, each \$2.

7. Address all entries to CIRCUMSTANCES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Monday, September 18.

WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	\$ 50
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TEN PRIZES, EACH \$5	50
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SIXTY-FOUR PRIZES, TOTAL	\$250

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE FIRST GEOGRAPHY CONTEST WILL BE PRINTED IN AN EARLY ISSUE

Her Heirs

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

INCESSANT squawking of the two parrots made the other tenants wonder what had happened to old Mrs. Chatfield. All of them had heard from her neighbor across the hall, Mrs. Mullens, of how severe she was with her cats and birds. But none had ever heard such continuous shrieking.

The janitor forced the door. On the floor, dead, lay Mrs. Chatfield, with her ten cats sitting in a circle about her, while the two parrots screamed.

Hemorrhage of the brain, the doctor from the coroner's office said. The police found a sealed letter in the bureau addressed to a Mr. Oscar Swazey, a lawyer on William Street.

"Mrs. Chatfield was a woman of high social connection in this city," he informed them when he arrived. "She made out her will and left it with me about a year ago."

The letter told where her money was hidden—in an old saddle in the closet. Instructions were given concerning cremation and the mourners. For the latter she wanted a widowed cousin, Mrs. Grace Van Buren, her good neighbor Mrs. Mullens, and the cats and parrots!

Thirty-two thousand four hundred and nineteen dollars in cash were taken from the old saddle.

Later afternoon editions of the newspapers ran the colorful story of Mrs. Harry L. Chatfield's life. Born a Van Buren, her blue-blooded Knickerbocker family had cast her off when, at twenty-three, she fell in love with the most spectacular gambler in town. Their sensational elopement had occurred forty years since. Mary Van Buren, a high-spirited, beautiful girl, had followed her heart although it brought family disownment and social ostracism. But Harry Chatfield had loved her devotedly up to the day of his death. Since then his wife had dropped out of sight until now. Members of the Van Buren family refused all comment to reporters on the wayward Mary.

But at eight o'clock that evening William Van Buren, oldest brother of the deceased, his wife Jane, and their two adult children, Willy and Janette, drove up, swept loftily into Mary's two bare rooms, and quickly departed.

"Those awful cats and parrots!" exclaimed Mrs. William.

"Do you think the old girl left us anything?" said Willy. "Eight thousand cash would save my business today."

"Your father was her favorite," asserted Mrs. William.

They weren't gone ten minutes when James, another brother, and his wife Ella arrived in a taxi.

"Terrible place!" said the sharp-tongued Ella, peering. "I always thought Mary had a common streak in her."

"Not common," amended James. "Crazy."

"Like your cousin Grace, I suppose? Wasn't it Grace who took Mary's part when she married that crook?"

"As a poor relative, Grace enjoyed the scandal at our expense—that was all," replied James with dignity.

"I wonder what's in Mary's will," said Ella. "Weren't you and she closer than the rest of the family?"

"Yes, much," answered James. "Perhaps we'll be

By

D. E. WHEELER

able to get that new city car now. Ugh! Let's go."

An hour later the middle-aged widow of Montgomery Van Buren, the youngest brother of

Mary, drove up with her three children, Charlotte, Alice, and Jimmy; but they went off without alighting. "I wouldn't be seen going into that house!" cried Charlotte.

"Why do we have to go to the funeral?" queried Alice.

"Well, even if she's left us only a third," Jimmy said, "we can take that trip to Europe next summer."

The maiden Van Buren sisters called next morning.

"How can we accept her money?" asked Lydia. "It was that Chatfield's."

"But we aren't as well off as we were," said Phyllis.

"I'd like to clean out these cats."

"And wring those parrots' necks!"

"Lydia! Lydia!" screeched one of the birds.

"I'm so proud! I'm so proud!" gurgled the other.

The sisters were startled, annoyed, and straightway left.

ONLY Cousin Grace Van Buren was absent at the gathering which met to hear the will read. She couldn't make the long journey from Newton Center on account of feeble health, but she sent a most sympathetic note, still defending the culprit Mary, which was considered a fresh affront by all the relatives.

The lawyer went through the preamble and came to the bequests:

"To William and Jane I bequeath and give the sum of five thousand dollars in admiration of their self-esteem."

Both Mr. and Mrs. William Van Buren reddened.

"To James and Ella I bequeath and give the sum of ten thousand dollars because they had the sense or good luck not to reproduce themselves."

"Outrageous!" Ella cried behind her clenched teeth.

"To Lydia and Phyllis I bequeath and give the sum of five thousand dollars in sympathy for their empty heads."

The sisters paled. Mrs. Montgomery wet her overrouged lips as the lawyer spoke her name:

"To Charlotte Van Buren and her three children I bequeath and give the residue of my estate in money, after all expenses and debts have been paid, in recognition of their vanity and fondness for night life and quarreling."

"What nerve!" said Mrs. Montgomery. "I hated her!"

Just as all of them were rising Lawyer Swazey raised his hand. "Wait, please," he said. Then went on:

"Be it understood that the before-mentioned beneficiaries are in each instance my parrots and cats, appropriately named after my brothers, sisters, my brothers' wives and children, and that the income of the various sums specified is to be devoted to their maintenance till death, my cousin, Mrs. Grace Van Buren, to be sole custodian of the cats and their monies, and Mrs. Lucy Mullens, my kind neighbor, to be sole custodian of my parrots and their monies: these several monies in each case to revert to the custodians as and when their animal charges die, whether of natural causes or through expedited means, according to the wish of said custodians."

THE END

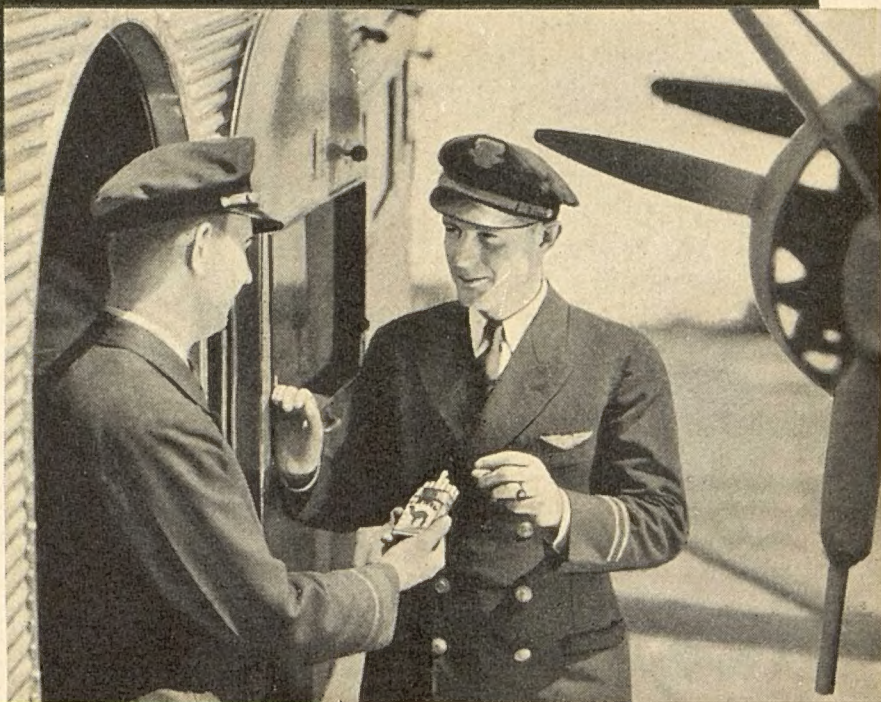




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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

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